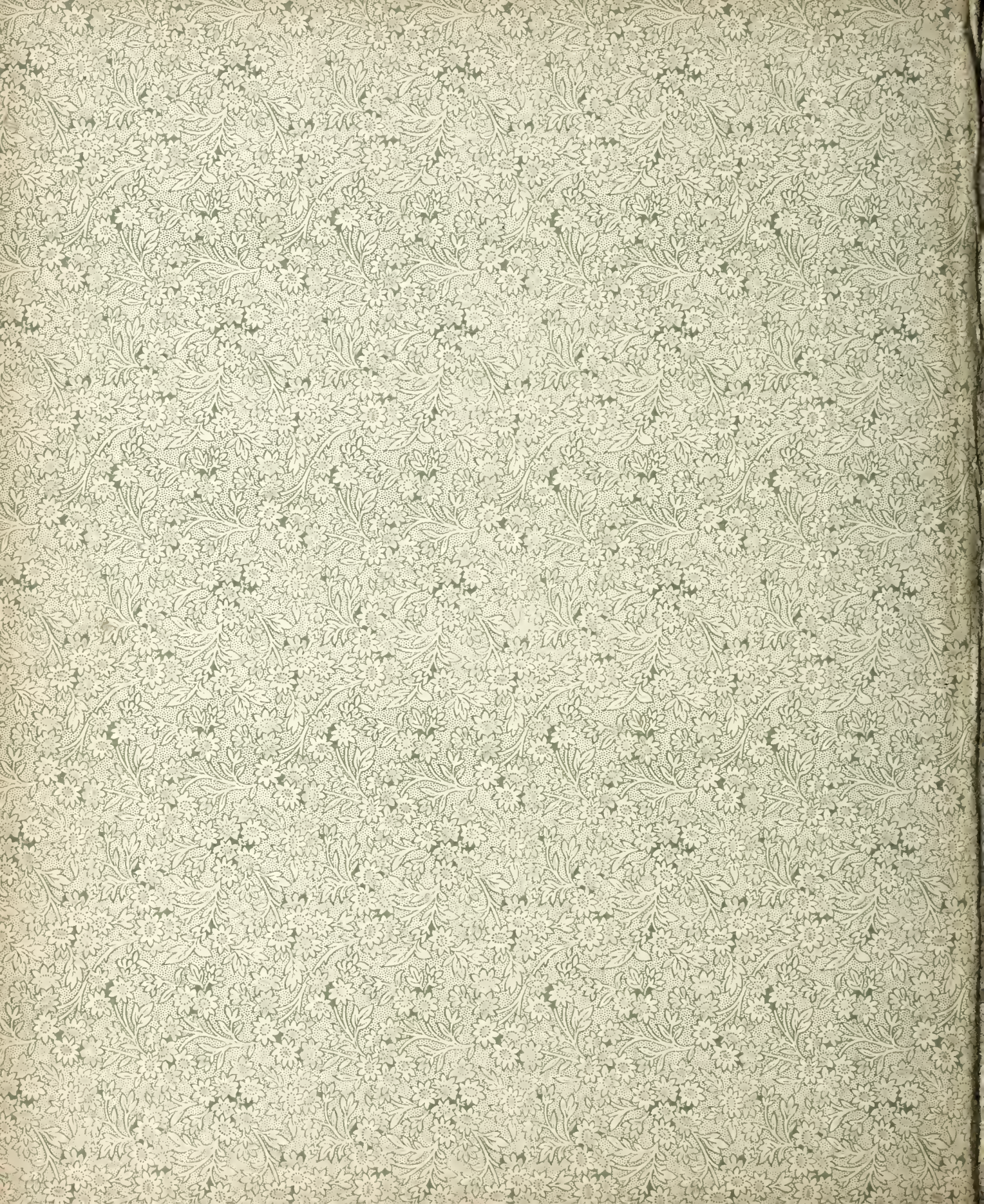



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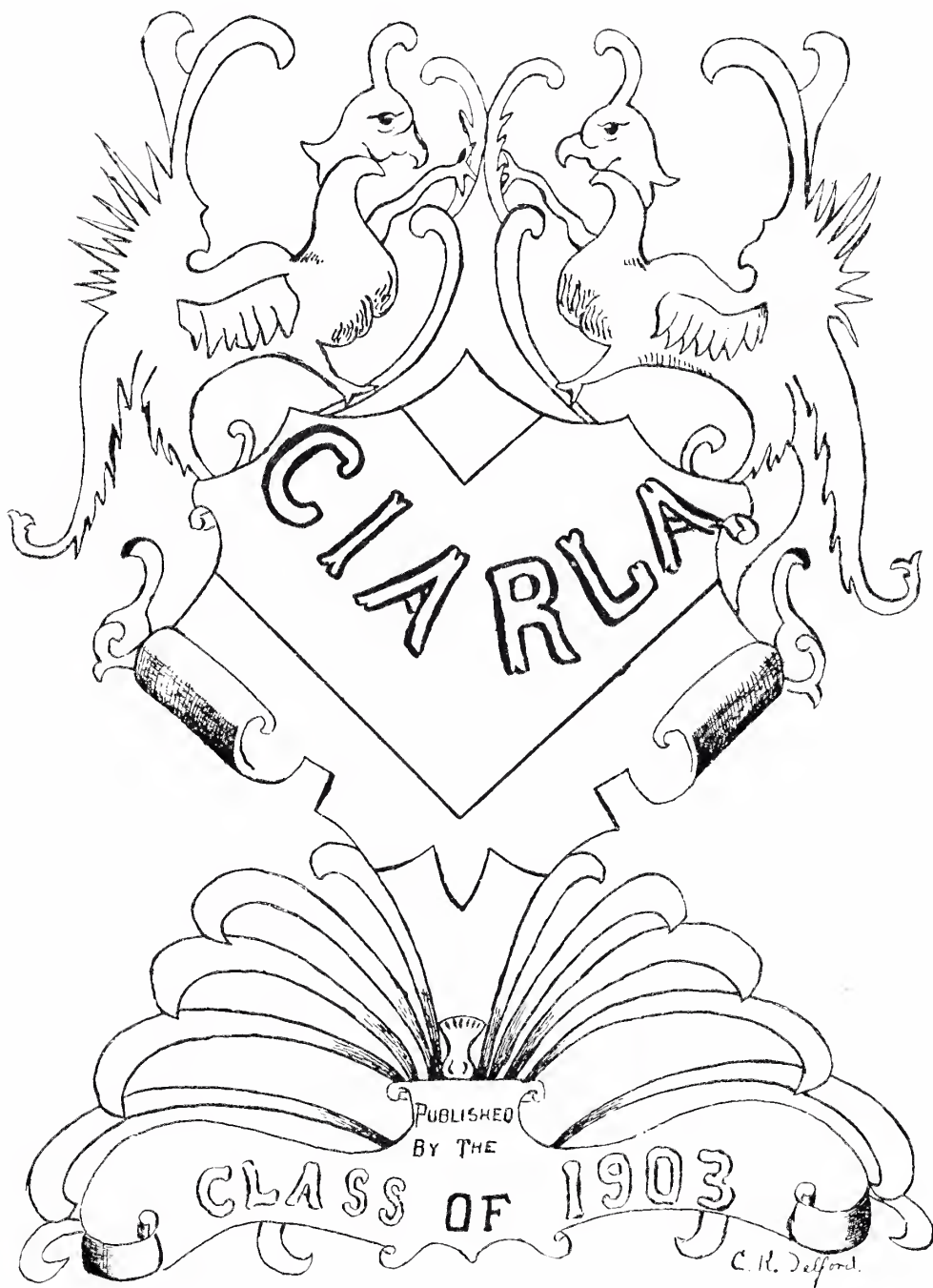






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THE CIARLA.

Volume XI.

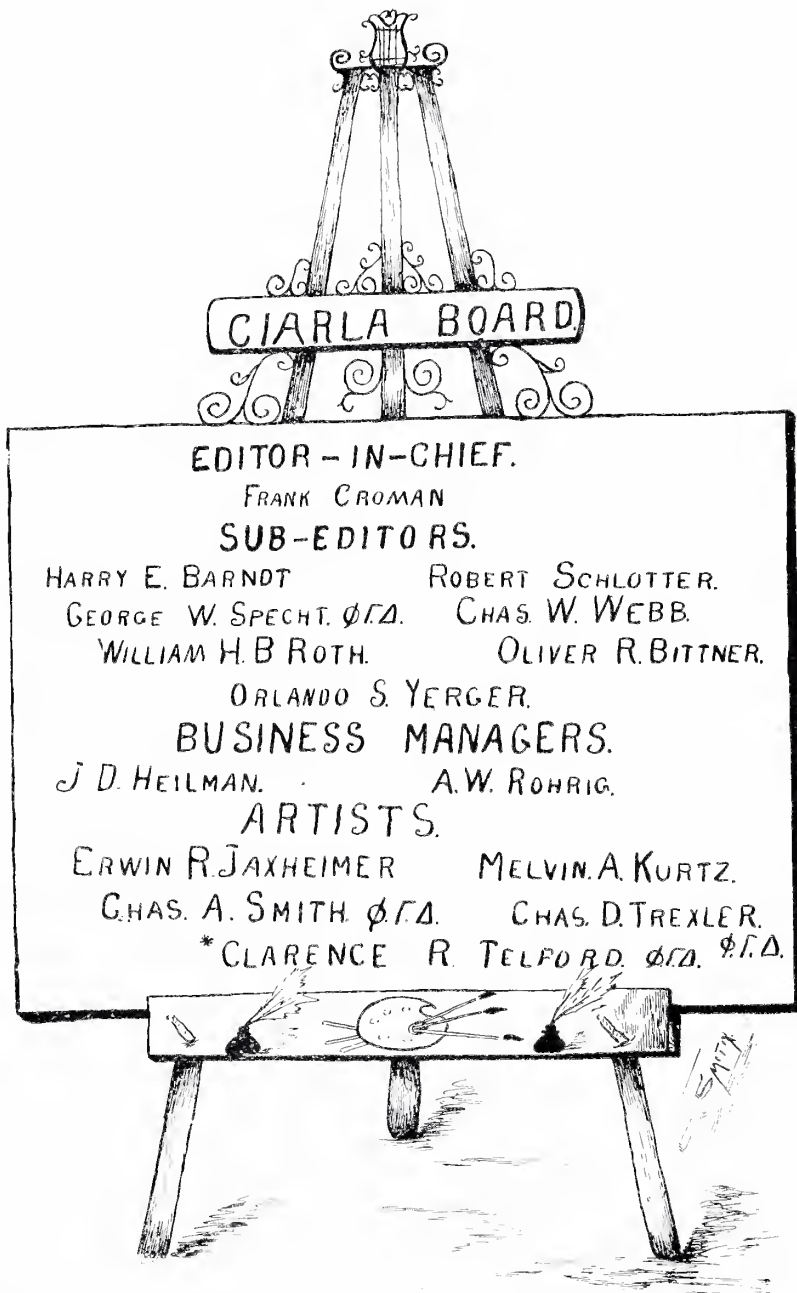
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Address,
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our respected and distinguished
Professor of the English Language and Literature,
and Mental and Social Science,
REV. SOLOMON E. OCHSENFORD, D. D.,
this volume
is affectionately inscribed.



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Preface.



TIME produces many changes. Ruthlessly, as it were, it moves forward in its triumphant course, leaving in its wake vast and potent forces that materially alter the existing order of things. These changes are not limited to particular spheres of existence and activity, but the evidence of their presence is noted everywhere. This must necessarily always be the case in all things. The baneful consequences resulting from a condition of things in which change is not found as a factor, may be realized in a measure by imagining everything at a standstill, and the marvelous and brilliant light of art, literature, science and discovery reduced to darkness.

Perhaps nowhere is change so clearly manifested as in a college and its surroundings. The very atmosphere and spirit of an institution of this nature are pregnant with forces that make changes possible. Herein lies our apology, if there be need of one, of sending forth the CIARLA upon the vast sea of college journalism.

Of each year's Board there is demanded a CIARLA more nearly complete and more pleasing to the eye than any of its predecessors. We have endeavored constantly to keep this in view, and have accordingly introduced some changes in the book intended to produce this effect.

Great care has been exercised in illustrating the work, so that quality and quantity alike be introduced. The artistic ability of the class is clearly shown by the excellent work herein displayed.

The book, however, is not our ideal. After our thoughts and ideas have been embodied in cold metal, and we again behold the same after a lapse of time, we often observe defects and room for improvement. This we feel to be the case in the present instance. Yet we trust that our efforts may be productive of some benefit and pleasure to our fellowstudents and their friends, and to our *Alma Mater* and her welfare. With what measure of success we have performed our duties, we leave to the reader to decide.

COLORS: CARDINAL AND STEEL GRAY.



MUHLENBERG COLLEGE.



COLLEGE YELL:

FIZ, FIZZY-FUZ, FIZ!

POO, ANTIPOO!

TERRAS, RATTLERS!

ZIG-ZAG!

BOOMERANG, CRASH!

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CALENDAR

1901.

Sept. 5.—First session began.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 2.—Thanksgiving recess.

Dec. 16-18.—Semi-annual examinations.

Dec. 19.—First session ended.

1902.

Jan. 6.—Second session began.

Jan. 30.—"The Cheerful Liar," by
College Dramatic Association.

Feb. 7.—Inter-Society Debate.

Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday.

March 21.—Second session ended.

April 8.—Third session began.

May 9.—Ascension Day.

May 19-21.—Senior examinations.

June 15.—Baccalaureate sermon.

June 16-17.—Lower class examinations.

June 16.—Freshman play.

June 17.—Class day exercises.

June 18.—Junior Oratorical contest.

June 19.—Commencement exercises.

Class Histories.



History of 1902.



IN presenting this, our last history, we feel keenly that the record of our Class is about to be sealed. Four years have we walked together under the guidance of our *Alma Mater*, now content, now restless under the restraint she imposed. In this time we have learned to know each other as only classmates do. During our course we have welcomed new faces to our midst; on the other hand, we have felt the sorrow of parting. Some have left us to take up other work. The spirit of one, who walked with us well nigh to the end, "has slipped its cable in the harbor of eternal rest." *Requiescat in pace.*

Let us briefly review our course. Soon after entering college we found ourselves drawn into circles of activity not specified in the curriculum. The relations of students to their college and to each other impose duties that multiply to each individual as he grows in experience. Duties that it is a pleasure to perform, because, to a great extent, they grow out of inter-class relations; and where is the man that has not the welfare of his Class at heart? Not in the Class of "Nineteen 'Two'" as our minutes will testify. We, as a Class, have had a position to sustain, which often called for the setting aside of individual opinion, and in no instance has the welfare of our Class been disregarded.

In her early days, Nineteen Hundred and Two earned a reputation for being up to all kinds of mischief, but she has risen through all that to a position that commands respect. Whether viewed in class-work, on the rostrum, socially, or from the standpoint of athletics, she has earnestly tried, and, we hope, succeeded in fulfilling her duty to Muhlenberg and her sister Classes.

To the graduate, when he enters upon the duties of his calling, college life soon becomes a mere remembrance. But what are the impressions retained? Will he, after a few years, be able to recall the grades, the orations, and the valedictory? We may safely say, No. What, then, remains with him? Ask him about the scores, touchdowns, rushes, pranks, contests, and the like, and his eyes will light up with a far-away look, as he again nibbles the sweets of his college career. About those cluster memories ever fresh, standing out like oases in a desert. Then rejoice, ye members of "Nineteen 'Two'", for here we are rich! From play to banquet, many are the ties that in future years will bind us like chains of steel to dear old Muhlenberg.

Now that our course is well-nigh finished, we begin to realize whence comes that proverbial dignity of the Senior. It is meet that we should be grave. Soon we must part, and we know not whether those of us who are left will ever have the pleasure of meeting again to revive the traditions of our Class.

"To meet, to know, to love—and then to part
Is the sad tale of many a human heart."

CLASS SONG.



(TUNE:—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.")

IN the Fall of 'ninety-eight there came to Muhlenberg a Class,
Which in excellence and valor all the others did surpass ;
And its members they were corkers all, for they would take no sass,
And the others soon respected them, or promptly went to grass.

CHORUS :—|| When you see the Orange and the Blue,
Step aside and quickly let us through,
For we are members of the Class of Nineteen 'Two
And we are hot stuff and that is no lie || :

Just as soon as we started in the dear and classic hall,
We joined hands and stood united just as brothers, one and all ;
And we pledged ourselves to bear each other's troubles, great and small,
When there came from one among our midst a true and needy call.—CHO

But it was not long before the Profs. our ranks began to scan,
And their eagle eyes soon found some fault with here and there a man ;
But we showed them that their brilliant minds our greatness could not span,
And we challenge any one to find our equal if he can.—CHO.

Now as through the classic halls of dear old Muhlenberg we go,
When we speak of Nineteen 'Two our cheeks with pride shall ever glow ;
For she is the pride of Allentown, as all the people know,
And we mean just what we're saying, or we would not tell you so.—CHO.



SENIOR CLASS.

Senior Class.



MOTTO: Σκόπει Τέλος.

COLORS: ORANGE AND BLUE.

Yell.

RIP, RAH, ROOH!
ORANGE AND BLUE!
MUHLENBERG, MUHLENBERG!
NINETEEN 'TWO.

OFFICERS.

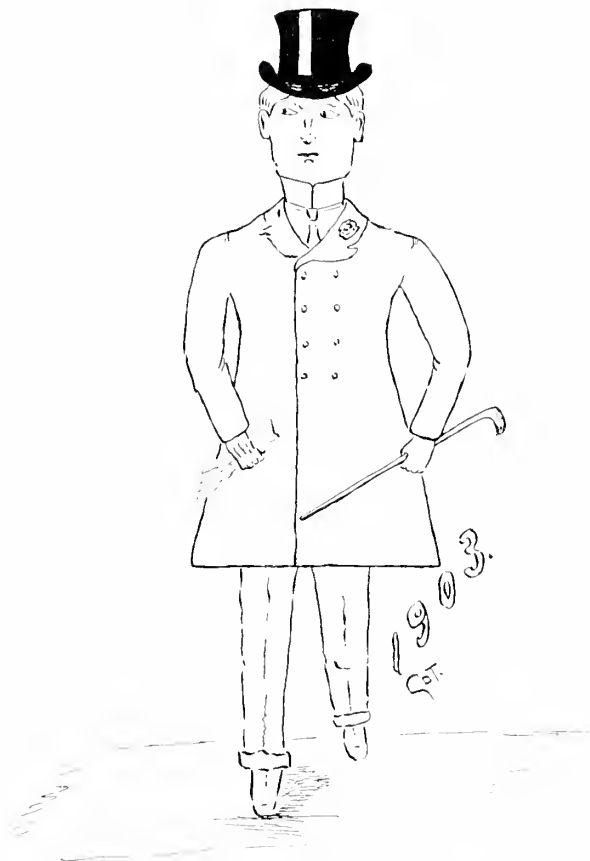
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* Deceased.



History of 1903.



HISTORY, as we usually understand that term, is a mere compilation of events, but it becomes more valuable history if it relates the causes and effects of those events (to believe our superiors). So this history will pass over all mere events (Duck Farm feasts and such things) and take up the causes and effects of observed events, trying to show what will result from the past. What place will the Class take in history? What will become of its members?

The first member of this dignified organization (alphabetically, of course) is Barndt. Need we hesitate to predict a bright future for a man with such a past history? Such a model of integrity, truthfulness and bravery on the field of baseball, may well be compared to his fellow countryman, of whom it was said, he was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The future only can reveal what fate intends to make of this man.

Next in order, we arrive at a man old enough to "raise them." His was an appendage suited to a man, who, like a hero in the midst of his cowering classmates, did not flinch from hurling through the window the lighted cannon. Yea, verily, what did Napoleon do like this? War, only war, can truly test his heroic qualities.

What shall we say of quiet Frank C.? He has run a newspaper in his days. Perhaps the future will find him in the office of a metropolitan daily, chastising tardy reporters as he hustles delayed work now. Ask him where those little epistles come from to see the shade of his complexion and catch a glimpse of his future.

Next in order, after Esterly and Geisinger, would be Jaxheimer, but the trolley is late again. His car may pull in before this closes.

Hello Paul! That's what we hear most frequently from our "*integer vitae*," familiarly known as "'Squire." His fondness for reciting German will bear good fruits, we venture to predict.

Next we come to our rough-rider. Of course "Teddy" rides a horse. Everybody knows it. He is a fine horseman and no Chair in the Classics will be too good for him if he wants it.

Kurtz isn't as short as you might suppose. Start him talking. He may put his talent to use in the pulpit.

"Hello Lew!" That's Eddie's favorite yell. He is preparing to grace the ministry.

Here looms up the slender form of Emaus's greatest politician. O thou in the palm of whose hand are concealed the destinies of nations!

Homer never sang of sage more keen, wit more sharp, or counsellor more wise than is our famous "Parson."

Rightly dubbed an egotist by those who ought to know, the next member boldly scorns to omit himself.

Oh, Shakespeare, where art thou?
Dead, yet doth thy fame pursue thee!

A gentleman of no mean ability is our next member. In the words of the chewing-gum announcement, "A great future is in store for you."

Quiet usually, angered sometimes, is Schlotter. He will make his mark some day.

Proud of the race of his father, an athlete by instinct and a native of Berks County by birth, is our next member. The future may find him on the warpath.

Among the rest of this justly celebrated class you may find scientists, artists, professional men and other men, all remarkable, but which we are compelled to slight for brevity's sake.

All of them are worthy of note and history will take them into account some day.

P. S. The reason for this history appearing in English, at the last moment, is that the author previously vainly attempted to write it in Latin, with apologies to that language.

CLASS SONG.



(TUNE:—"Jingle Bells.")

I N Eighteen 'ninety-nine
To Muhlenberg, so fine,
There came a class,
Whom none could pass,
Whose fame shall ever shine ;
Their colors, drab and white,
Are bright as stars at night,
And maidens fair
Do all declare
"They're simply out of sight."

CHORUS.

Rah, Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah, Rah !
Rah for Nineteen 'Three,
She sets the pace for every class
As you can plainly see.
Rah, Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah, Rah !
Shout with joy and glee,
There's none on earth that can surpass
The Class of Nineteen 'Three.

If you should ever see
This class of Nineteen 'Three,
It is no jest,
They'd be impressed
Upon your memory ;
For some are very tall,
And others very small,
But, on the whole,
Upon my soul,
They are the best of all.—CHO.

In *Virtue* we're on top ;
Our *Knowledge* none can stop ;
Our *Industry*,
As you can see,
Is never on the drop ;
I tell you we're the stuff,
And that's no idle bluff,
The Drab and White,
Is just all right,
So let that be enough.—CHO.

Junior Class.



MOTTO: "VIRTUS, SCIENTIA, INDUSTRIA "

COLORS : WHITE AND DRAB.

Yell:

FIZZY, FUZZ, FEE!

RIZZY, RUZZ, REE!

MUHLENBERG MUHLENBERG!

NINETEEN 'THREE!

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I AM A SOPH.

ABNORMIS SAPIENS.



A GAIN the *Sophomores* appear,
With wisdom and with knowledge clear ;
To state exactly what they know,
Without a fuss or any show.

The *Freshman* year ended quite well,
With few exceptions we might tell.
“ Enlisted for the War,” we played,
Before an audience learned and great.

Our play, indeed, made quite a hit
That some were thrown into a fit ;
But none of dear old 1904,
A few who trod the path before.

With glee to our homes we fled,
Our minds exceedingly well-fed.
Vacation surely passed so quick
That few, of course, seemed somewhat sick.

September 5th again we came,
To show our face and tell our name ;
A few, however, sadly missed :
New faces then filled up the list.

That day the Profs. assigned our task,
And everyone forgot the past ;
All resolved for a good result,
And vowed no “ Ponies” we’ll consult.

The first few days were quietly spent,
And every one felt quite content,
When lo ! indeed the time arrived
To boast our strength with little pride.

In vain the milky Freshmen fought
To pass the “ blockade ” we had wrought ;
Resolved to reach the upper step,
But were indeed somewhat misled.

A little trick they had contrive d
To throw our men into a fright ;
But *Wieder*, *Shankweiler* and *Rau’s*
Passed swiftly over our crowd.

So thus you see, Oh ! Fres’lies dear,
We blocked the trick without a fear ;
Next time we meet be not too sly,
Or some of you will surely fly.

Not satisfied with this defeat,
We met them on the foot-ball field,
Where men had gathered far and wide
To see the end of this great fight.

An incident, not yet explained,
For which no one is really blamed,
Gave the Freshies a chance to score,
Oh my ! how highly did they soar.

No length of time the Freshmen roared,
When we with joy our first goal scored.
They gathered five with joy and glee,
But we, alas ! had twenty-three.

Our banner too they tried to snatch,
However were no equal match ;
To take a *Sophomore* prize
Must be a Class of larger size.

Thus time indeed passed slowly by,
When some were watching with an eye
To discover when we would flee
To enjoy our banquet with glee.

Well surely we don't like to say
That one morning some felt not gay,
When it was rumored up and down
That the Sophs left for the "Quakers' Town."

Away we went without delay,
Not even a Freshman in our way.
How quiet the classic halls appeared
In which our lives thus far were reared.

Quietness prevailed all around,
Some looked as if they had been drowned ;
Until mother earth opened her pores
And send a flood with mighty roars.

Our journey homeward then was made,
And all resumed their proper grade ;
Labored hard in a grand old style
At problems (Trig.) as wide as the Nile.

Our end has come ; we bid adieu ;
"Ministers" and "Doctors" but few,
"Specials," and "Lawyers" who can roar,
Compositae of 1904.

AN OBSERVER.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

CLASS SONG.



(TUNE.—"My Tiger Lily.")

O F all the boys who went before
Through any classic hall,
There were not at any time
Any others so sublime
On this terrestrial ball ;
To find the like of Nineteen 'Four
We don't care where you go ;
For in all this mighty land
There are none one-half as grand
From Maine to Mexico.

CHORUS.

Esto quod videris !

Now just consider this,
The Lavender and Purple we adore :
"Be what you seem to be,"
Whenever this you see,
You'll know we're members of the Class of Nineteen 'Four.

Old Muhlenberg would be quite lost
If we were not on hand.
The other fellows try
To do us, but, oh my !
They don't have half the sand ;
We keep the lead at any cost,
We're big-bugs to the core.
At our pace they can not go,
As they are too dog-on'd slow
For good old Nineteen 'Four.—CHO.

In after years the world will know
The greatness of our fame :
The mountain-sides will ring
And history will sing
The praises of our name.
As through our college days we go
We'll take things as they come,
And come they surely will ;
Our place the rest can't fill,
For they are on the bum.—CHO.



Deek's Photo

Sophomore Class.



MOTTO: "ESTO QUOD VIDERIS"

COLORS: PURPLE AND LAVENDER.

Yell:

RUM, RAH, ROAR!

RUM, RAH, ROAR!

MUHLenberg, MUHLenberg!

NINETEEN 'FOUR!

OFFICERS.

	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.
PRESIDENT,	HARRY C. DENT,	CLAUDE T. RENO.
VICE PRESIDENT,	GEORGE W. SHERER,	GEORGE H. RHODES.
RECORDING SECRETARY,	HANS S. GARDNER,	ARTHUR S. WUCHTER.
TREASURER,	LAWRENCE R. MILLER,	LAWRENCE R. MILLER.
HISTORIAN,	J. FRANKLIN KELLER,	J. FRANKLIN KELLER.
MONITOR,	WILLIAM KLECKNER,	WILLIAM KLECKNER.

NAME.	HOME ADDRESS.	COLLEGE ADDRESS.
WARREN FRANKLIN ACKER, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	330 North Seventh St.
MARK LEOPOLD BURGER,	Allentown,	203 North Ninth St.
LAWRENCE G. DEILY,	East Allentown,	East Allentown.
HARRY CORTLAND DENT,	Allentown,	1029 Walnut St.
FRANK BEISEL DENNIS, $A T \Omega$,	Nazareth,	24 College.
MILTON M. DRY,	Mifflinville,	23 College.
LEE MARCUS ERDMAN, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	754 North Seventh St.
ELLIS WILLIAM ERNEY,	Steinsburg,	71 College.
JOHN CALVIN FISHER,	North Heidelberg,	58 College.
FRANK JOHN GABLE, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Reading,	79 College.
HANS SAMUEL GARDNER,	Quakertown,	327 Ridge Avenue.
LAWRENCE ZADOC GRIESEMER, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	446 Oak St.
BENTON WILLIAM H. GOLDSMITH,	Catasauqua,	67 College.
CHARLES ALVIN HAINES, $A T \Omega$,	Slatington,	24 College.
EUGENE MICHAEL HANDWERK,	Germansville,	71 College.
MARTIN CLEMENT HOFFMAN,	Neffs,	57 College.
WALTER JESSE HUNTSINGER,	Dushore,	40 College.
WILLIAM HENRY KBOCH,	Berrysburg,	53 College.
JOHN FRANKLIN KELLER, $A T \Omega$,	Allburtis,	80 College.
WILLIAM RENATUS KLECKNER, $A T \Omega$,	Cementon,	80 College.
CHARLES T. KRIEBEL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	625 Union St.
ENOCH GEORGE KUNKLE, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Lehighton,	131 South Eighth St.
PETER WEISER LEISENRING,	Allentown,	432 Chew St.
LAWRENCE RENNINGER MILLER,	Niantic,	447 Linden St.
FRANCIS EDWARD REICHARD,	Macungie,	70 College.

HORACE RITTER,	Allentown,	1329 Turner St
NORMAN YERGEY RITTER,	Pottstown,	67 College.
CLAUDE TREXLER RENO, A T Ω,	Allentown,	399 Chew St.
STILLE AGNEW RENTZHEIMER, A T Ω,	Hellertown,	80 College.
GEORGE HEILIG RHODES,	Gouldsboro,	55 College.
GEORGE WILLIAM SHERER,	Allentown,	912 Linden St.
MARTIN JACOB SWANK,	Hobbie,	32 College.
DANIEL ISAIAH SULTZBACH,	Elizabethville,	53 College.
ARTHUR LECLERCQ WUCHTER,	Gilbert,	77 College.



History of 1905.



IT was on a bright September morn, after the clouds had vanished and the sun had again appeared, that there assembled before a grand and stately building a crowd of young boys (not mature enough to call themselves men) eagerly gazing at what they imagined a coming Paradise ; for the beautiful surroundings and the smiling faces which greeted them on every side, seemed to fill them with the happy hope that they would happen upon a congenial crowd, and the inspiration that emanates from classic halls. We were at once informed by these smiling faces that that upon which we now gazed was to be to us a house of trouble. Being too young to understand those words then, we little realized their truth, but we soon learned to appreciate what they meant for us. We were then kindly invited to enter the building ; and staggering, as it were, through what might, by a mere visitor, well be called a dark and lonely tunnel with entrances upon either side, we seemed to read upon the very walls that our days here would not be one continuous sunshine. At the end of this tunnel, we, in some mysterious way, found ourselves in a place fitted for worship. This again created in us a sense of awe and wonder, as well as a gentle touch of timidity. But seeing enthroned before us the stately figures of our Faculty, fear was at once dismissed. It was in this place that we received the name of Freshmen, which did indeed seem fresh to us. During the solemn services that followed, we became somewhat restless, and turning about saw that those who had greeted us with smiling faces were now, with pointed fingers and drawn faces, whispering to one another in a way that bred within us a feeling of distrust and suspicion.

Days came and went, and our studies, which were to serve as a preparation for manhood, were beginning to deeply encircle us.

We had scarcely been under the regular drill of our various professors, particularly the one of Physical Culture fame, when we received the information from our sympathizing friends (the Juniors) that, on the coming Friday, the Sophs. would test our ability in rushing, and that the place they had selected was the stairway. With this started the active work of '05. It was the intention of the Sophs. to take us by surprise ; but having some keen-eyed ones among our number we soon discovered the plan and time of the affray in which we were to display our ability as hand-to-hand combatants.

The Friday dawned with a clear sky, and it could be plainly seen that the Sophs. were preparing for something unusual. When the " old bell " tolled that morning, it summoned us to what we thought our fate. Though hesitating at first, on seeing their heavily-equipped front, we bravely made the attack. The

struggle that then ensued can scarcely be presented in words. The most noticeable result was a good-bye shower of torn books, several scratched faces, and the shreds of tattered garments. The battle was in full sway and seemingly about to turn in our favor, when the "hand of appeal" of our dear President solemnly rose above us. Thus ended this epoch in our history.

The opening of the next day brought to our ears the tale of how the Sophs. intended to defeat us in foot-ball, with a score of at least 50-0; but by some marvelous playing (or blundering, if you please) we held them down to a score of 23-5. We, of course, took great pride in imparting to them the information that they were not capable of playing foot-ball.

Thanksgiving day followed soon, and the turkey with its flying colors was landed safely at its destination.

The days grew colder, and soon the fields were covered with snow and ice, all of which predicted a sleighride for us. We departed on a cloudy noon, with Bath as our destination, and returned, the following noon, healthy and total in numbers.

We do not wish, at this time, to predict our future history; for since our motto, *Sci Dien*, signifies that it is our intention at least sometime in our four years to make ourselves worthy of bearing the name of the institution, we feel confident that the future will be as glorious as the past.

CLASS SONG.



(TUNE :—"Queen of Charcoal Alley.")

HAIL ! All Hail ! Flags unfurl !
Muhlenberg Freshmen we !
We're the stuff ; that's no bluff,
The only thing on land and sea.
So bright we flash, we cut a dash ;
Tell you we are just immense.
The other fellows sigh, when the
Freshmen pass them by ;
We make them feel like thirty cents.
Ah ! (Spoken).

CHORUS.

Take off your caps. We are, we are the Freshmen,
A jolly set of brilliant, dandy Freshmen.
3d Den, our motto true ;
Our colors, brown and straw ;
We're great and that can't be denied,
For we're the Freshmen, Freshmen.
Take off your caps. We are, we are the Freshmen,
A jo'ly set of brilliant, dandy Freshmen.
Just go way back and sit down,
We're the only thing around.
Take off your caps and cheer the
Freshmen.

May we ever strive for Nineteen 'Five,
A record fair to crown the year ;
So up the hill we strive with a will,
Defeat is something we don't fear ;
When we leave these walls and classic halls,
And go out in the world to strive,
May fond memories return
And loyal hearts still burn
With love for dear old 1905.—CHO.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class.



MOTTO: Ich Dien.

COLORS: SEAL BROWN AND STRAW.

Yell.

RAH, RAH!

RAH, RE, RIVE!

MUHLENBERG, MUHLENBERG!

NINETEEN ' FIVE.

OFFICERS.

	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.
PRESIDENT,	WINFIELD P. DELONG,	CHESTER M. SANFORD.
VICE PRESIDENT,	GEORGE M. SMITH,	WILLIAM E. HORN.
RECORDING SECRETARY,	CHESTER M. SANFORD,	J. HOWARD KERN.
TREASURER,	G. LUTHER WEIBEL,	ROBERT K. ROSENBERGER.
HISTORIAN,	CLAUDE G. SHANKWEILER,	CLAUDE G. SHANKWEILER.
MONITOR,	HARVEY S. KIDD,	ARTHUR F. RITTER.

NAME.	HOME ADDRESS.	COLLEGE ADDRESS.
DALLAS HARVEY BASTIAN,	Wescoesville,	21 College.
PRESTON LEWIS BEIL,	Northampton,	22 College.
WINFIELD PETER DELONG, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	307 North Sixth St.
RAY ELWOOD DORNEY, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	26 South Thirteenth St.
NEVIN PETER FEGELY,	Cementon,	22 College.
HARRY J. FRITCH, $\Lambda \Gamma \Omega$,	Bethlehem,	247 New St.
GEORGE EDWARD K. GUTH, $\Lambda \Gamma \Omega$,	Allentown,	133 North Seventh St.
HERBERT FRANK GERNERT,	Trexlerstown,	50 College.
JOHN JACOB HEILMAN,	Walberts,	21 College.
WILLIAM ERWIN HORN,	Allentown,	630 Chew St.
HARVEY SAMUEL KIDD,	Bath,	227 Sixth St.
ISAAC HOWARD KERN,	Hummel's Store,	44 College.
ERWIN HARPEL KELLER,	Bedminster,	72 College.
BYRON WAYNE LAROS,	Allentown,	438 North Seventeenth St.
JOHN JAMES MARCKS,	Wescoesville,	21 College.
RICHARD WAGNER NEUBERT,	Allentown,	313 North Fourteenth St.
SAMUEL HEIL RAUB, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Allentown,	235 North Fifth St.
CHARLES WILLIAM REINERT,	Coplay,	22 College.
ROBERT KLINE ROSENBERGER,	Allentown,	946 Chew St.
ARTHUR FRANKLIN RITTER,	Freemansburg,	77 College.
CHESTER MILTON SANFORD,	Allentown,	444 Turner St.
GEORGE WILSON SCHELL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$,	Alburtis,	70 College.
CLAUDE GRIM SHANKWEILER, $\Lambda \Gamma \Omega$,	Allentown,	1104 Hamilton St.
GEORGE M. SMITH,	Walnutport,	72 College.
JOSEPH R. TALLMAN, $\Lambda \Gamma \Omega$,	Tower City,	73 College.
GEORGE LUTHER WEIBEL,	Bowmansville,	50 College.
WILLIAM CLEVELAND WIEDER,	Allentown,	312 North Seventh St.



HAPPENINGS
DURING
COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

Sixteenth Baccalaureate Sermon

BY

President Theodore Lorenzo Seip, D. D.,

IN

ST. JOHN'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH,

Sunday, June 16, 1901.

Text:

24. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

25. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

26. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

27. But I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.—1 *Corinthians*, 9: 24-27.



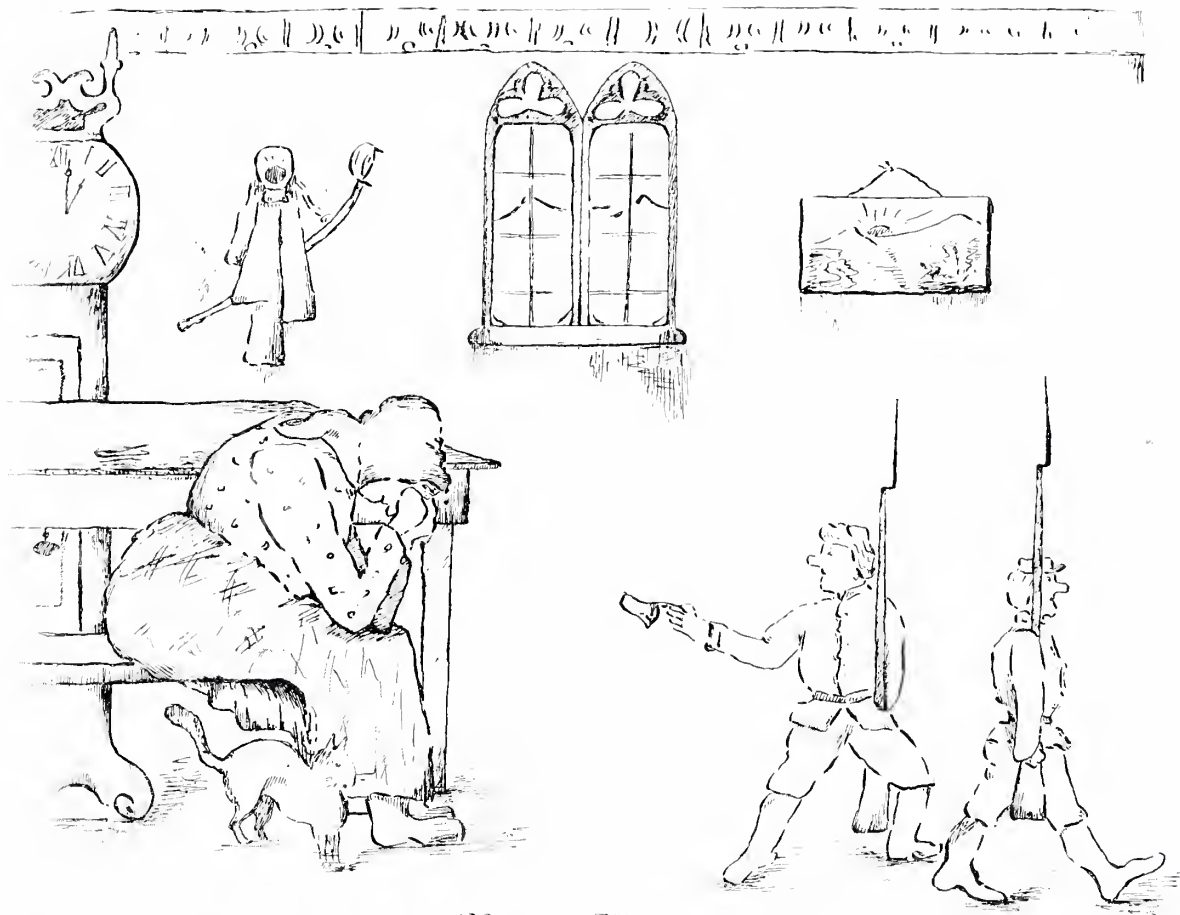
SENIOR RECEPTION

BY

President and Mrs. Seip,

IN THE PRESIDENT'S PARLORS, WEST WING OF COLLEGE BUILDING,

Monday Evening, June 17, 1901.



ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.

APR 12

“Enlisted for the War.”



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ROBERT TRUEWORTH, a soldier of the Union,	JOHN MCCOLLOM.
WILDER ROWELL, guardian of Gaylie Gifford,	LEE M. ERDMAN.
HOSEA JENKS, auctioneer,	CLAUDE T. RENO.
HIRAM JENKS, his son; “a mere boy,”	GEORGE H. RHODES.
CRIMP, colored,	LAWRENCE GRIESEMER.
GENERAL GRANT,	NORMAN Y. RITTER.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BOXER,	CHARLES A. HAINES.
PRIVATE DENTON,	PRESTON L. BEIL.
GAYLIE GIFFORD, an heiress,	MOULTON D. HENNINGER.
MRS. TRUEWORTH,	STILLE A. RENTZHEIMER.
MATTIE TRUEWORTH,	PETER W. LEISENRING.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—A ROOM IN TRUEWORTH FARMHOUSE. The old homestead sold. Rob loves Gaylie, and so does Wilder. Latter buys homestead for Gaylie to live upon. Hiram “can’t help it; takes it from his dad.” Crimp is in evidence. Hiram, “a mere boy,” in love with Mattie. Gaylie, Crimp, and Mattie form the Home-Guard. Rob goes to war; Wilder Rowell is Colonel of his regiment.

ACT II.—HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL ROWELL IN VIRGINIA. Gaylie’s letters to Rob intercepted by the Colonel. Home-Guard begins operations. Crimp steals into camp with a letter from Gaylie to Rob. Grant is challenged by sentinel for smoking. Fight for letter between Rob and his Colonel. Grant aids Rob.

ACT III.—PARLOR IN HOME OF GAYLIE GIFFORD. Soldiers return from war. Mattie shatters “shrine of affection” in Hiram’s bosom. Colonel has a “tety-tety” with Gaylie. Hosea is a “poor, old sinner.” Hiram buys Truworth Farm. Matters become “warm” for Colonel Rowell. Rob is now Colonel of the 10th. Crimp makes a “bifstake.” Campaign of Home-Guard closes. Rob claims Gaylie, and Hiram, Mattie.

COMMITTEES.

F. B. DENNIS, Business Manager.

C. A. HAINES, G. H. RHODES, Assistant Business Managers.

Executive Committee.

J. F. KELLER,

C. A. HAINES,

C. KRIEBEL,

G. H. RHODES.

Programme Committee.

JOHN MCCOLLOM,

D. T. SULTZBACH,

C. M. RICK,

F. E. REICHARD,

M. L. BURGER,

N. Y. RITTER.

Patroness Committee.

G. E. K. GUTH,

P. LEISENRING,

P. L. BEIL,

N. H. KEOCH,

N. J. HUNTSINGER,

S. A. RENTZHEIMER.

PATRONESSES.

Ex Urbe.

MRS. J. J. PAULES, Slatington.	MRS. R. BECK, Hecktown.
MRS. W. H. RENTZHEIMER, Hellertown.	MISS MAY RENTZHEIMER, Hellertown.
MRS. T. T. DENNIS, Nazareth.	MISS EVA WAGNER, Hellertown.
MRS. D. F. KELLER, Alburtis.	MISS NANCY JONES, Slatington.
MRS. W. H. SCOTT, Bethlehem.	MISS A. LEONA LEEFELDT, Utica, N. Y.
MRS. S. Z. FREED, Doylestown.	MISS ANNA M. BEIL, Northampton.
MRS. P. N. REMMEL, Northampton.	MISS MARGARET R. YOUNG, Northampton
MRS. FRANK J. ROETHLINE, Northampton.	MISS GEORGIANNA BARTHOLOMEW, "
MRS. F. GOLDSMITH, Catasauqua.	MISS SALLIE A. BEIL, Northampton.
MRS. L. S. SHIMER, Shimersville.	MISS LOTTIE BEIDELMAN, Easton.
MRS. WM. H. REICHARD, Macungie.	MISS MARGARET H. HORN, W. Bethlehem.
MRS. SALLIE CAWR, Pottstown.	MISS LILLIAN M. URICH, Lebanon.
MRS. J. H. WALBORN, Pinedale.	MISS MABLE R. SENIOR, Reading.
MRS. JOS. M. MCFETRIDGE, Hokendauqua.	MISS ALICE RUTH, Quakertown.
MRS. G. G. SMITH, Gouldsboro.	MISS ELIZABETH MOLL, So. Bethlehem.

In Urbe.

MRS. THEO. L. SEIP,	MRS. O. J. ACKER,
MRS. R. E. WRIGHT,	MRS. F. D. HORNBECK,
MRS. A. E. LEISENRING,	MRS. FRANK H. HERSH,
MRS. J. A. MCCOLLOM,	MRS. R. M. DANNECKER,
MRS. J. S. BURKHOLDER,	MRS. WM. H. LEBLY,
MRS. THOMAS KOCH,	MRS. C. M. GRIESEMER,
MRS. PHILIP DOWELL,	MRS. WM. WACKERNAGEL,
MRS. R. PETER STECKEL,	MRS. J. F. RENO,
MRS. W. H. S. MILLER,	MRS. JOHN A. WIEDER,
MRS. L. B. ERDMAN,	MRS. BENJAMIN K. HAMM,
MRS. E. R. KRIEBEL,	MISS GERTRUDE M. RABENOLD,
MRS. JAMES L. SCHAADT,	MISS JENNIE L. KOCHER,
MRS. FRANK BUCHMAN,	MISS ANNIE WAGNER,
MRS. FRANCIS G. LEWIS,	MISS FLORENCE M. KRAMER,
MRS. A. J. D. GUTH,	MISS ELIZA J. KECK,
MRS. HENRY D. HERSH,	MISS CORA A. ENGLER,
MRS. J. A. BAUMAN,	MISS M. HORN,
MRS. H. C. KELLER,	MISS ANNIE ROEDER,
MRS. GEO. O. ALBRIGHT,	MISS LIZZIE MILLER,
MRS. FRED. F. KRAMER,	MISS BESSIE BAKER,
MRS. ED. M. YOUNG,	MISS FLORENCE M. HARING,
MRS. ED. J. RAPP,	MISS ELLA M. SHUNK,
MRS. J. F. KRESSLER,	MISS HORNBECK,
MRS. FRANK KOCH,	MISS MINNIE M. DANNER,
MRS. S. A. REPASS,	MISS ABBIE E. LEISENRING,
MRS. M. C. L. KLINE,	MISS CORA SCHLOSSER,
MRS. IRA T. WISE,	MISS ELSIE GUTH,
MRS. R. S. LEISENRING,	MISS SALLIE HARTZELL,
MRS. A. S. SHIMER,	MISS CLARA BIERLY,
MRS. S. E. OCHSENFORD,	MISS MARGUERITE LEHRMAN,
MRS. C. T. O'NEILL,	MISS LULU KOCH,
MRS. H. E. CRILLY,	MISS MAUDE E. BERLIN,
MRS. A. J. YOST,	MISS BLANCHE HUNTSINGER.

Senior Class Day Exercises.

COLLEGE CAMPUS, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.



TO the Class of 1901 must be accorded the honor of reviving the Class Day Exercises of the Senior Class that, in the past, had proved so enjoyable, and had been the means of providing innocent pleasure and mirth to the departing students and to friends. We trust these occasions may be observed each year. The exercises were held on Tuesday afternoon, on the college campus, and were presided over by J. H. Worth, as Master of Ceremonies. The following program was rendered :

Salutatory,	FRED. P. REAGLE.
Class Song,	CLASS 1901.
Class History,	GEORGE K. RUBRECHT.
Pessimistic Oration,	HOWARD E. SHIMER.
"Old College Chums,"	1901 SEXTET.
Insignia,	GEORGE H. DRUMHELLER.
Class Poem,	EDWARD J. WACKERNAGEL.
1901,	ALLEN L. BENNER.
"We Meet Again,"	1901 SEXTET.
Class Prophecy,	PERCY B. RUHE.
Key Oration,	THOMAS MCH. YODER.
Valedictory,	IRWIN O. SCHELL.
Farewell,	CLASS 1901.

Reunion of the Class of '86.

HOTEL ALLEN, TUESDAY EVENING.



THE fifteenth anniversary reunion of the Class of '86 was held on Tuesday evening, June 18, 1901, at the Hotel Allen, Allentown.

Toastmaster.

REV. J. FREDERICK NICHOLAS.

Toasts.

"Our Guests,"	ELMER O. REYER, ESQ.
"The Past—An Experience,"	REV. HENRY W. WARMKESSEL.
"Our <i>Alma Mater</i> ,"	REV. CHARLES W. JEFFERIS.
"The Vacant Chairs,"	SAMUEL J. KISTLER, ESQ.
"Our College Days,"	REV. EDWIN T. KEEVER.
"Theology,"	REV. NELSON F. SCHMIDT.
"The Present—A Reality,"	PROF. ELMER P. KOHLER, Ph. D.
"The Law,"	GEORGE A. PREDIGER, ESQ.
"The Ladies,"	A. GRAND LODER, M. D.
"Our Trustees,"	REV. JOHN H. WAIDELICH.
"The Future—A Dream,"	J. JEREMIAH SNYDER, ESQ.
"The New Century,"	SAMUEL N. POTTEIGER, ESQ.

Triennial Alumni Banquet.

HOTEL ALLEN, WEDNESDAY EVENING.



THE Alumni Association held its triennial banquet on Wednesday evening, June 19, 1901, at the Hotel Allen, Allentown. The music for the occasion was furnished by Klingler's Orchestra.

Toastmaster.

REV. S. A. ZEIGENFUSS, D. D.

Prayer.

REV. T. L. SEIP, D. D.

Toasts.

"The Ministerium and the College,"	REV. F. J. F. SCHANTZ.
"The Community and the College,"	HON. JAMES L. SCHAADT.
"The Alumni,"	REV. J. CHARLES RAUSCH.
"When I was at College,"	REV. JOHN F. NICHOLAS.
"Why I was not at College,"	OLIVER S. HENNINGER.
"Incognita,"	PROF. GEORGE F. SPIEKER D. D.
"Neither Silver, nor Gold, nor Brass,"	REV. EDWARD T. HORN, D. D.

Sophronia's Annual Reunion.

SOPHRONIA HALL, WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.



THE hall was well filled when the meeting was called to order. Dr. W. Wackernagel presided over the meeting in his usually pleasing manner. The following program was rendered :

Hymn,	SOCIETY.
Prayer,	REV. J. F. LAMBERT, '88.
Address of Welcome,	LAWRENCE H. RUPP, '02.
Vocal Solo,	JOSEPH M. WEAVER, '03.
Quartette,	MESSRS. HENNINGER, WEAVER, GEISINGER, SERFASS.
Vocal Solo,	LUTHER SERFASS, '01.

After the rendition of the above program brief addresses, in praise of their *Alma Mater* and of Sophronia, were made by the following gentlemen : Rev. J. C. Rausch, '90 ; Rev. James O. Schlenker, '83 ; Rev. J. A. Scheffer, '72 ; Rev. I. B. Ritter, '90 ; and Rev. Fred. E. Cooper, '96. All felt that they had spent the afternoon profitably and pleasantly.

Euterpea's Annual Reunion.

EUTERPEA HALL, WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.



EUTERPEA again assembled in annual reunion with Walter C. Beck, president of the society, in the chair. Our esteemed professor, Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, '76, was then called to the chair by the president, after which the following program was rendered :

Address of Welcome	J. H. WORTH, '01.
Violin Solo,	OLIVER R. BITTNER, '03.
Vocal Solo,	JOHN B. GEISINGER '03.
Piano Solo,	EDWARD G. LEEFELDT, '03.
Vocal Solo,	CLINTON ZERWECK, '02.
Violin Solo,	OLIVER R. BITTNER, '03.

At this stage the usual social hour was observed, and the refreshments served were enjoyed by all. After this short speeches were made by the following: Rev. Thos. M. Yundt, '82 ; Rev. Wm. M. Kopenhaver, '97; Rev. Prof. J. A. Bauman, Ph.D., '73 ; Rev. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., '76; Rev. Hiram J. Kuder, '84; Francis G. Lewis, Esq., '85 ; Dr. Schantz, '88 ; Geo. K. Rubrecht, '01, and others. This was a particularly pleasant and enjoyable reunion, and many fond recollections of past experiences were recalled by those who were again brought together by this reunion.

Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

COLLEGE CHAPEL, WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.



THE Board of Trustees held their annual meeting in the college chapel at 2 o'clock P. M. The secretary of the committee which had the Reading site matter in hand was instructed to inform the Reading Board of Trade that the Trustees did not see fit to accept their offer at present.

The action taken a year ago with regard to purchasing the Saeger farm in East Allentown, was revoked. A resolution was adopted that, in view of the scarcity of rooms to accommodate the demands made upon the institution, the Executive Committee be instructed to inquire into the feasibility of giving temporary relief by using the dwellings now occupied for dwelling purposes by President Seip and Financial Agent Cooper and to inquire as to the cost of the necessary changes; also to arrange for the President's residence. The committee has power to act.

Revs. Drs. G. F. Spieker and E. T. Horn and Mr. C. A. FonDersmith, of Lancaster, were appointed a committee to prepare suitable minutes on the death of former Presidents Muhlenberg and Sadtler. Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Seip was appointed to represent the college at the bicentennial of Yale University in October. The William Saeger scholarship was presented to the college by his three sons, Thomas, Alfred and Jacob Saeger. The officers and the various committees were all reëlected.

Meeting of Alumni.



THE Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College met on June 20, 1901, with D. A. Miller, of the Class of '94, in the chair. After prayer by Rev. F. F. Fry, Class of '85, the Class of 1901 was received into membership. Routine business was next attended to. Dr. Ettinger then spoke of the fact that five gentlemen, after the banquet of the previous evening, had discussed the matter of new buildings, and each had pledged himself to pay \$100 toward an Alumni Building Fund. This aroused the interest of the Alumni in attendance and after some discussion the president of the Association was instructed to solicit pledges from those present. In a short time \$4700 were pledged.

A resolution was then passed that a committee, consisting of the president of the college and five others, be appointed to formulate a plan whereby all the Alumni may participate in the movement for the enlargement of Muhlenberg College. The following were appointed: Rev. Prof. T. L. Seip, D. D., *ex-officio*; Rev. E. T. Horn, D. D.; Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph.D. '80; H. S. Seip, D.D.S., '85. Mr. C. A. FonDersmith, F. G. Lewis, Esq., '85; Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., '76; Rev. F. F. Fry, '85; Rev. J. C. Rausch, '90; and R. J. Butz, Esq., '87. To these the committee, pursuant to its instructions, added Mr. D. A. Miller, '94; Rev. J. O. Schlenker, '83; and Rev. J. H. Waidelich, '86.

On motion of Rev. J. O. Schlenker a committee of three was appointed, consisting of Jas. L. Schaadt, Esq., '74, Mayor of Allentown; Rev. Prof. T. L. Seip, D. D., President of the College; and Mr. C. A. FonDersmith, of Lancaster, to carry out Mayor Schaadt's proposal to solicit a donation from Mr. A. Carnegie.

The Association then adjourned.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

LYRIC THEATRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 10 A. M.



ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.—“Guard of Honor,”	<i>Lehnhardt.</i>
Prayer,	REV. J. H. WAIDELICH.
Music.—Overture, “Medora,”	<i>Gruenwald.</i>
“American Diplomacy,”	ALLEN R. APPEL.
“Lest We Forget,”	WILLIAM M. D’MILLER.
“The Rivalry of the Nations,”	JOSEPH L. WEISLEY.
Music.—Gems from Comic Opera, “Said Pasha,”	<i>Stahl.</i>
“The Mission of the Beautiful,”	LEWIS A. INK.
“The American Equation,”	J. RALPHUS FREED.
“The Veiled Monument,”	WALTER C. BECK.
Music.—Tarantella from “Foxy Quilher,”	<i>R. deKoven.</i>
“The Paradox of Money,”	LAWRENCE H. RUPP.
“Not for Conquest, but for Liberty,”	FRANK M. UHRICH.
“The Strength of Our Nation,”	SAMUEL E. MOYER.
Music.—March, “With Sword and Lance,”	<i>Stark.</i>
Benediction,	REV. T. L. SEIP, D. D.

Judges.

FRANCIS G. LEWIS, Esq., Allentown.
REV. W. SCHOENER, South Bethlehem.
REV. J. F. LAMBERT, Catasauqua.

Thirty-Fourth Commencement.

LYRIC THEATRE, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 10 A. M.



ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.—March, "Blue and White,"	Brand.
Prayer,	REV. T. L. SEIP, D. D.
Music.—Overture, "Americus,"	Voelker.
Latin Salutatory,	HOWARD E. SHIMER, (98.22), Second Honor.
Music.—Gems from Comic Opera, "Foxy Quiller,"	R. deKoven.
"Who is Master?"	FRED. P. REAGLE, (97.15.)
Philosophical Oration,	GEORGE K. RUBRECHT, (97.92), Third Honor.
Music.—Gavotte, "Pompadour,"	Langford.
German Oration,	IRWIN O. SCHELL, (96.55)
Music.—Waltz, "Kroll's Ball Klaenge,"	Lumbye.
"The Heir of the Ages,"	ALLEN L. BENNER, (96.51.)
"The Building of a Marvelous Structure,"	DANIEL W. HAMM, (95.95.)
Music.—Descriptive, "At the Old Grist Mill,"	Muller.
Valedictory,	HIRAM F. SIEGER, (98.55), First Honor.
Music.—March, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty,"	Sousa.
Conferring of Degrees,	BY THE PRESIDENT.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Benediction, REV. DR. J. A. SEISS.

"Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Degrees Conferred.



DOCTOR OF LAWS.

PRESIDENT GEORGE B. CROMER, president of Newberry College, Newberry, South Carolina.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

REV. GEORGE F. C. HAAS, New York, N. Y. REV. H. H. BRUNING, White Haven.
REV. J. W. HASSLER, Lancaster.

MASTER OF ARTS.

CLASS OF '97.

WILLARD D. KLINE, Allentown

JACOB A. TREXLER, Allentown.

CLASS OF '98.

CHARLES G. BECK, Hecktown.

EDWIN J. KISTLER, Stony Run.

WILLIAM A. BILHEIMER, Siegfried.

GEORGE I. LENKER, Sunbury.

JOHN S. FEGLEY, Allentown.

GEORGE S. KRESSLEY, Maxatawny.

LEVI F. GRUBER, Obold.

BERNARD REPASS, Allentown.

HENRY F. HEHL, Philadelphia.

WILL E. STECKEL, Allentown.

WILLIAM S. HEIST, Quakertown.

JOHN K. SULLENBERGER, Leinbach's.

DAVID C. KAUFMAN, Oley.

JOHN P. WALTER, Newlin.

EMILE J. KEULING, South Bethlehem.

WESLEY E. WENNER, Fogelsville.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

CLASS OF '01.

ALLEN L. BENNER, Schoenersville.

FRED. P. REAGLE, Hokendauqua.

CLARENCE BICKEL, Dalmatia.

GEORGE K. RUBRECHT, Telford.

GEORGE H. DRUMHELLER, Earville.

PERCY B. RUHE, Allentown.

JAMES M. FETHEROLF, Kempton.

IRVIN O. SCHELL, Allentown.

WILLIAM P. FETHEROLF, Kempton.

JOHN A. SCHOFFER, East Greenville.

DANIEL W. HAMM, Allentown.

LUTHER SERFASS, Gilbert.

RALPH E. KLINE, Allentown.

HOWARD E. SHIMER, Shimersville.

RAYMOND H. KRESSLER, Allentown.

HIRAM F. SIEGER, Eckert.

HARRY S. LANDIS, Locustdale.

EDWARD J. WACKERNAGEL, Allentown.

IRVIN E. NAGLE, Allentown.

S. MARTIN WENRICH, Reinholds.

J. HOWARD WORTH, Lancaster.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

GEORGE L. RAETHER, Decatur, Ill.

HERBERT J. SCHMOYER, Trexlertown.

THOMAS MCH. YODER, Catasauqua.

Prizes Awarded.



SENIOR CLASS.

The "Amos Ettinger Honor Medal,"

PRESENTED BY

PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, Ph. D., '80,

TO

HIRAM F. SIEGER.

The "Butler Analogy" Prize,

PRESENTED BY

KOCH BROS.,

TO

PERCY B. RUHE.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The "Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical" Prize,

PRESENTED BY

CLEMMIE L. ULRICH

TO

LAWRENCE H. RUPP.

Honorable Mention, LEWIS A. INK and WALTER C. BECK.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The "Eliza Botanical" Prize,

PRESENTED BY

REV. W. A. PASSAVANT, JR., '75.

TO

ARTHUR L. SMITH.

The "Biological" Prize,

PRESENTED BY

DR. JOHN LEAR,

TO

JOSEPH M. WEAVER.

GERMAN PRIZES,

PRESENTED BY

CLASS OF 1901.

First Prize, A. W. ROHRIG.

Second Prize, JOHN B. GEISINGER.

Third Prize, W. H. B. ROTH.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

German Prizes,

PRESENTED BY

CLASS OF 1902.

First Prize, HORACE RITTER.

Second Prize HANS S. GARDNER.

Third Prize, LAWRENCE R. MILLER.

"Muhlenberg" Staff Prize,

PRESENTED BY

"MUHLENBERG" STAFF

TO

PERCY B. RUHE.

Physical Culture Prizes,

PRESENTED BY

PROF. H. H. HERBST, A. M., M. D.,

TO

JACOB KISTLER, '02,

D. I. SULTZBACH, '04.



Annual Commencement Collation,

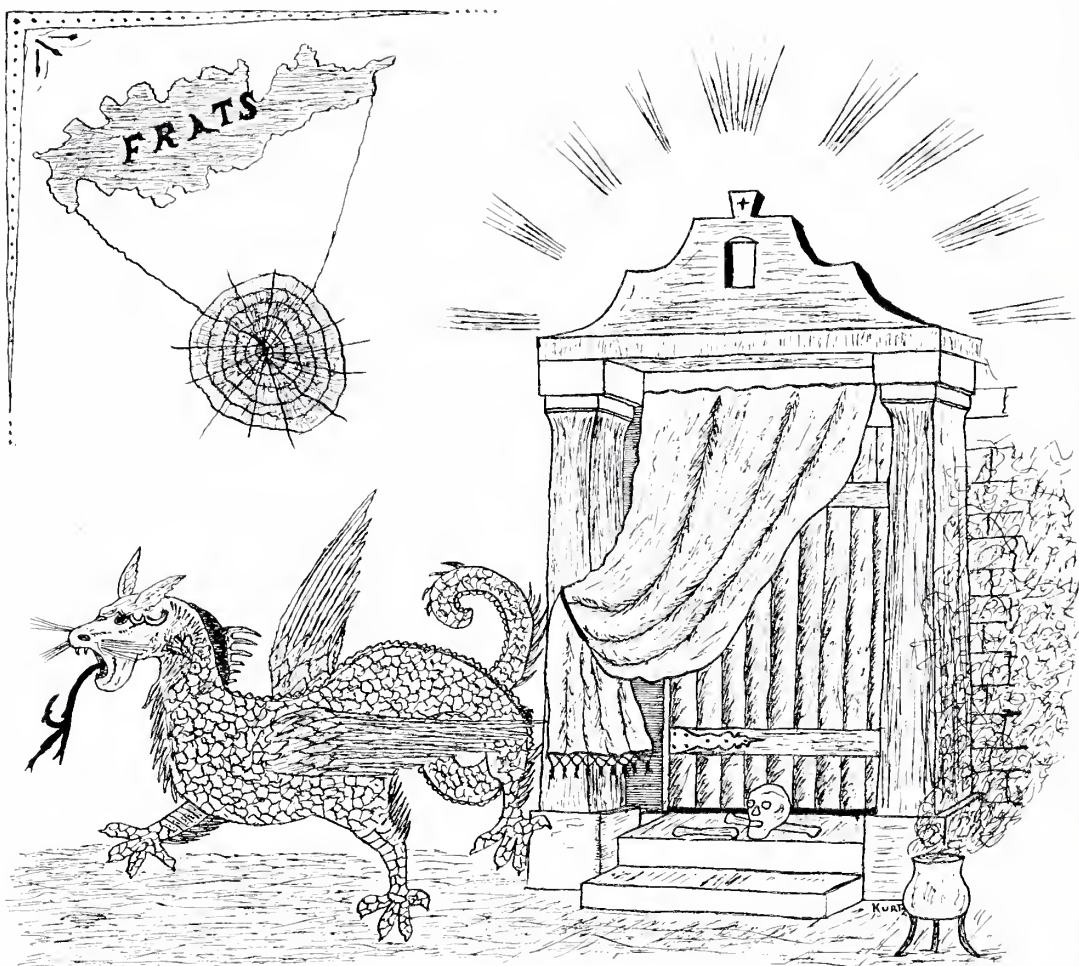
College Basement, Thursday, 1 P. M.,

GIVEN TO

ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF MUHLENBERG COLLEGE,

BY

The Ladies of Allentown.



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

FOUNDED 1848.

FRATERNITY JOURNAL :
"THE PHI GAMMA DELTA."

COLOR :
ROYAL PURPLE.



GRADUATE CHAPTERS.

Beta,	Indianapolis, Ind.	Pi,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Delta,	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Rho,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Zeta,	Kansas City, Mo.	Sigma,	Albany, N. Y.
Epsilon,	Columbus, O.	Tau,	Denver, Col.
Eta,	Cleveland, O.	Upsilon,	Minneapolis, Minn.
Theta,	Williamsport, Pa.	Phi,	St. Louis, Mo.
Iota,	Spokane, Wash.	Chi,	Toledo, O.
Kappa,	Chicago, Ill.	Psi,	Cincinnati, O.
Lambda,	Dayton, O.	Southern Alumni Assn.,	Baltimore, Md.
Mu,	San Francisco, Cal.	Wash. Alumni Assn.,	Washington, D. C.
Nu,	New Haven, Conn.	Richmond Alumni Assn.,	Richmond, Va.
Xi,	New York City.	Roanoke Alumni Assn.,	Roanoke, Va.
Omicron,	Pittsburg, Pa.	Harvard $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ Club,	Cambridge, Mass.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

1848.	Beta,	Washington.
1855.	Theta,	University of Alabama.
1856.	Lambda,	De Pauw University.
1856.	Nu,	Bethel College.
1858.	Xi,	Pennsylvania College.
1859.	Omicron,	University of Virginia.
1860.	Pi,	Allegheny College.
1864.	Tau,	Hanover College.
1865.	Upsilon,	College of the City of New York.
1866.	Psi,	Wabash College.
1866.	Omega,	Columbia.
1866.	Alpha Deuteron,	Illinois Wesleyan University.
1866.	Beta Deuteron,	Roanoke College.
1867.	Gamma Deuteron,	Knox College.
1867.	Epsilon Deuteron,	Muhlenberg College.
1868.	Zeta Deuteron,	Washington and Lee University.
1869.	Theta Deuteron,	Ohio Wesleyan University.
1870.	Delta Deuteron,	Hampden Sidney.
1871.	Zeta,	Indiana State University.
1875.	Nu Deuteron,	Yale University.
1878.	Omicron Deuteron,	Ohio State University.
1879.	Delta Xi,	University of California.
1881.	Beta,	University of Pennsylvania.
1882.	Delta,	Bucknell University.
1882.	Pi Delta,	University of Kansas.

1882.	Rho Deuteron,	Wooster University.
1883.	Sigma Deuteron,	Lafayette College.
1883.	Tau Deuteron,	University of Texas.
1884.	Sigma,	Wittenburg College.
1885.	Lambda Deuteron	Denison University.
1886.	Zeta Phi,	William Jewell College.
1887.	Theta Psi,	Colgate University.
1887.	Beta Chi,	Lehigh University.
1888.	Gamma Phi,	Pennsylvania State College.
1888.	Kappa Nu,	Cornell University.
1889.	Iota Mu,	Massachusetts Institution of Technology.
1889.	Mu Sigma,	University of Minnesota.
1889.	Pi Iota,	Worcester Polytechnical Institution.
1890.	Kappa Tau,	University of Tennessee.
1890.	Rho Chi,	Richmond College.
1891.	Beta Mu,	Johns Hopkins University.
1892.	Nu Epsilon	New York University.
1893.	Alpha Chi,	" Amherst College.
1893.	Tau Alpha,	Trinity College.
1893.	Chi,	Union College.
1893.	Mu,	University of Wisconsin.
1897.	Chi Iota,	University of Illinois.
1898.	Lambda Nu,	University of Nebraska.
1899.	Chi Mu,	University of Missouri.
1899.	Omega Mu,	University of Maine.
1900.	Sigma Tau,	University of Washington.
1901.	Delta Nu,	Dartmouth College.
1901.	Sigma Nu,	University of Syracuse.



E. A. WRIGHT PHILA

Epsilon Deuteron Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1867.



IN URBE.

RODERICK E. ALBRIGHT, M. D.,
SAMUEL B. ANEWALT,
REUBEN J. BUTZ, ESQ.,
FRED'K R. BOUSCH,
JOHN M. DIEFENDERFER, ESQ.,
HON. C. J. ERDMAN, ESQ.,
J. DALLAS ERDMAN, M. D.,
GEORGE TAYLOR ETTINGER, Ph. D.,
N. GUILY FINCH,
OSCAR S. GRIM,
HARRY S. HARTZELL, $\Sigma \Delta$,
WM. A. HAUSMAN, JR.,
MILTON C. HENNINGER, ESQ.,
MORRIS A. HOATS, ESQ.,
FRANK T. L. KEITER, ESQ.,
SAMUEL J. KISTLER, ESQ.,
J. HERBERT KOHLER,

AMBROSE A. KUNKLE,
RALPH E. KLINE,
JOHN LEAR, M. D.,
FRANCIS G. LEWIS, ESQ.,
HON. FRED E. LEWIS, ESQ.,
O. R. B. LEIDY, ESQ.,
R. W. LENTZ,
PROF. FRANCIS D. RAUB,
FRED. P. REAGLE,
JOHN F. SAEGER,
REV. JACOB D. SCHINDEL, D. D.,
JOHN L. SCHWARTZ, ESQ.,
JOSEPH P. SHIMER,
HARRY S. SNYDER, M. D.,
EDWARD A. SOLELIAC,
LOUIS SOLELIAC, B X.,
EDWARD J. WACKERNAGEL.

IN FACULTATE.

GEORGE T. ETTINGER, Ph. D.

JOHN LEAR, M. D.

IN COLLEGIO.

1902.

ALLEN R. APPEL,
LAWRENCE H. RUPP,

CHARLES L. H. GLASE,
MOULTEN E. McFETRIDGE.

903.

CHARLES D. TREXLER,
GEORGE SPECHT,

CHARLES A. SMITH,
JOSEPH M. WEAVER.

1904.

LEE M. ERDMAN,
CHARLES T. KRIEBEL,
WARREN F. ACKER,

GEORGE KUNKLE,
LAWRENCE Z. GRIESEMER,
FRANK J. GABLE.

1905.

RAY E. DORNEY,
SAMUEL H. RAUB,

WINFIELD P. DELONG,
GEORGE W. SCHELL.



PHI GAMMA DELTA.



Alpha Tau Omega.

FOUNDED 1865.



FRATERNITY JOURNAL :
"ALPHA TAU OMEGA PALM."

COLORS :
SKY BLUE AND OLD GOLD.

ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Alabama Alpha Epsilon,	A. and M. College, Auburn.
Alabama Beta Beta,	Southern University, Greensboro.
Alabama Beta Delta,	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa.
Georgia Alpha Beta,	University of Georgia, Athens.
Georgia Alpha Theta,	Emory College, Oxford.
Georgia Alpha Zeta,	Mercer University, Macon.
Georgia Beta Iota,	School of Technology, Atlanta.
California Gamma Iota,	University of California, Berkeley.
Colorado Gamma Lambda,	University of Colorado, Boulder.
Louisiana Beta Epsilon,	Tulane University, New Orleans.
Texas Gamma Eta,	University of Texas, Austin.
Illinois Gamma Zeta,	University of Illinois, Champaign.
Indiana Gamma Gamma,	Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute.
Michigan Alpha Mu,	Adrian College, Adrian.
Michigan Beta Kappa,	Hillsdale College, Hillsdale.
Michigan Beta Omicron,	Albion College, Albion.
Nebraska Gamma Theta,	University of Nebraska, Lincoln.
Kansas Gamma Mu,	University of Kansas, Lawrence.
Minnesota Gamma Nu,	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.
Maine Beta Upsilon,	University of Maine, Orono.
Maine Gamma Alpha,	Colby College, Waterville.
Massachusetts Gamma Beta,	Tufts College, Medford.
Rhode Island Gamma Delta,	Brown University, Providence.
Vermont Beta Zeta,	University of Vermont, Burlington.
New York Alpha Omicron,	St. Lawrence University, Canton.
New York Alpha Lambda,	Columbia University, New York.
New York Beta Theta,	Cornell University, Ithaca.
Pennsylvania Alpha Iota,	Muhlenberg College, Allentown.
Pennsylvania Alpha Upsilon,	Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg.
Pennsylvania Alpha Pi,	W. and J. College, Washington.
Pennsylvania Tau,	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
North Carolina Alpha Delta,	University of N. C., Chapel Hill.
North Carolina Xi,	Trinity College, Durham.
South Carolina Beta Xi,	College of Charleston, Charleston.
Virginia Delta,	University of Virginia, Charlottesville.
Ohio Alpha Nu,	Mt. Union College, Alliance.
Ohio Alpha Psi,	Wittenberg College, Springfield.
Ohio Beta Eta,	Wesleyan University, Delaware.
Ohio Beta Mu,	Wooster University, Wooster.
Ohio Beta Omega,	State University, Columbus.
Ohio Gamma Kappa,	Western Reserve University, Cleveland.
Tennessee Alpha Tau,	Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville.
Tennessee Beta Pi,	Vanderbilt University, Nashville.
Tennessee Beta Tau,	Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson.
Tennessee Omega,	University of the South, Seawanee.
Tennessee Pi,	University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

Pennsylvania Alpha Iota Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1881.



IN FACULTATE.

PHILIP DOWELL, Ph. D.

J. RICHMOND MERKEL, B. S., A. M.,

HOWARD E. SHIMER, A. B.

IN URBE.

IRA WISE, B. S.,
ALFRED J. YOST, M. D.,
ALLEN V. HEYL,
W. E. RUHE,
M. S. HOTTENSTEIN,
GEORGE F. KUHL,
JOHN F. STINE,
PROF. W. H. S. MILLER,
DAVID A. MILLER,
MALCOLM W. GROSS,
REV. JEREMIAH J. SCHINDEL,
BENJAMIN F. RINN,
JOHN H. SYKES,
LLOYD IREDELL,
PROF. E. S. DIETER, M. E.,
OSCAR F. BERNHEIM,

LEO WISE,
IRWIN W. ROTHENBERGER,
MAX S. ERDMAN,
SAMUEL P. MILLER,
ALFRED S. HARTZELL,
E. J. GOMERY,
RALPH METZGAR,
ADOLPH T. ASCHBACH,
FRED. A. FETHEROLF,
R. KEELOR HARTZELL,
FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN,
ROBERT KISTLER,
GEORGE ERDMAN,
W. H. PASCOE,
CLARENCE BICKEL,
GEORGE L. RAETHER,

ARTHUR BECK.

IN COLLEGIO.

1902.

J. RALPHUS FREED,
RUSSEL B. LYNN,
SAMUEL E. MOYER,

WARREN GEIGER,
WILLIAM M. D'MILLER,
JOSEPH L. WEISLEY,

JOHN M. WOODRING.

1903.

JOHN B. GEISINGER,
PAUL J. NEFF,
HARRY W. SHIMER,
MERVIN J. WERTMAN,

EDWIN K. KLINE,
IRWIN M. SHALTER,
IRA G. WALBORN,
ALVIN E. YOUSE.

1904.

FRANK B. DENNIS,
J. FRANKLIN KELLER,
CLAUDE T. RENO,

CHARLES A. HAINES,
WILLIAM R. KLECKNER,
STILLE A. RENTZHEIMER.

1905.

HARRY J. FRITCH,
CLAUDE G. SHANKWEILER,

GEORGE E. K. GUTH,
JOSEPH R. TALLMAN.



ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

Literary Societies,
Associations,
and
Other Organizations.

Sophonian Literary Society.



THE Sophronian Literary Society, since its organization in 1867, has never enjoyed such prosperity as it has during the past year. To one of its members was granted the prize in the Junior Oratorical Contest, and it was her debating team that carried away the honor in the intersociety debate.

Sophonina has had a past that she may well feel proud of, and, with no lagging in interest and activity, her future may even overshadow the past. The library contains at present two thousand one hundred and fifteen catalogued books, and additions to the number are continually made.

With her colors, White and Blue, which adorn her well-equipped hall, together with the irrepressible zeal of the members, and her past history, "the end which crowns the work" will be one of which her members may well boast. Her rostrum is a forum in which young men display their forensic abilities. Within her hall it was that the dormant powers of expression of her members were aroused, and like a flood where it is banked, arose the highest, then rebounded into the world, working a mighty influence. May her members continue to do the good work which they thus far have done, and ever remember her motto: "The End Crowns the Work."

Sophonian Literary Society.



MOTTO: "THE END CROWNS THE WORK"

COLORS: WHITE AND BLUE.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,	JACOB F. SCHOLL.
VICE PRESIDENT,	AUGUST W. ROHRIG.
RECORDING SECRETARY,	ROBERT ROSENBERGER.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,	HARRY W. SHIMER.
TREASURER,	HARRY C. DENT.
CRITICS,	{ LAWRENCE H. RUPP. PAUL J. NEFF.
CHAPLAIN,	LEE M. ERDMAN.
PIANIST,	ARTHUR L. WUCHTER.
LIBRARIAN,	PAUL J. NEFF.
ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS,	{ MARTIN J. SWANK HARRY C. DENT.

MEMBERS.

1902.

ALLEN R. APPEL,	QUINCY A. KUEHNER,	WILLIAM M. D'MILLER,
H. PHILEMON BRUNNER,	THEODORE S. LINDENSTRUTH,	LAWRENCE H. RUPP,
EFENGER A. BARTHOLOMEW,	RUSSELL B. LYNN,	JACOB F. SCHOLL,
CHARLES L. H. GLASE,	MOULTON E. MCFETRIDGE,	JOSEPH S. WEISLEY,
CLARENCE D. HECKENBERGER,	SAMUEL E. MOVER,	JOHN M. WOODRING.

1903.

ROGER C. KAUFMAN,	AUGUST W. ROHRIG,	GEORGE W. SPECHT,
EDWIN K. KLINE,	IRWIN M. SHALTER,	JOSEPH M. WEAVER,
PAUL J. NEFF,	CHARLES A. SMITH,	CHARLES W. WEBB,
H. EDWARD ORFF,	HARRY W. SHIMER,	MERVIN J. WERTMAN.

1904.

WARREN F. ACKER,	FRANK J. GABLE,	NORMAN Y. RITTER,
MARK L. BURGER,	WALTER J. HUNTSINGER,	CLAUDE T. RENO,
LAWRENCE G. DEILY,	CHARLES KRIEBEL,	GEORGE W. SHERER,
HARRY C. DENT,	E. GEORGE KUNKLE,	MARTIN J. SWANK,
LEE M. ERDMAN,	HORACE RITTER,	ARTHUR L. WUCHTER.

1905.

PRESTON L. BEIL,	HARVEY S. KIDD,	ROBERT K. ROSENBERGER,
WINFIELD P. DELONG,	BYRON W. LAROS,	ARTHUR F. RITTER,
RAY E. DORNEY,	RICHARD W. NEUBERT,	GEORGE W. SCHELL,
GEORGE E. GUTH,	SAMUEL H. RAUB,	CLAUDE G. SHANKWEILER,
	WILLIAM C. WIEDER.	



Euterpean Literary Society.

FOUNDED 1867.



FOR thirty-five years Euterpea has played a prominent part in the development of the expressive powers of a majority of the sons of Muhlenberg. It is within her walls that the latent powers of oratory in her devotees were aroused, as the testimony of many bears witness. Her motto: "Watch and Advance," has ever been her guiding principle, and in trying to follow it she owes her success.

She has at present sixty-one members, and as we are safe in judging the future from the present and past, we feel confident that her prosperity in time to come will not be inferior to what has been the case thus far in her advancement. During the past year the library has undergone many changes, and the books have been recatalogued. Over a hundred new books of Fiction, Science, Religion, History and Biography have been added. The library now contains two thousand six hundred and fourteen volumes.

Euterpea can ever feel proud of the able men she has sent out in the various walks of life, and there is every reason to believe that a glorious future awaits her.

Euterpean Literary Society.



MOTTO: "WATCH AND ADVANCE"

COLORS: NILE GREEN AND PINK.

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1903.

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1904.

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1905.

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1905.

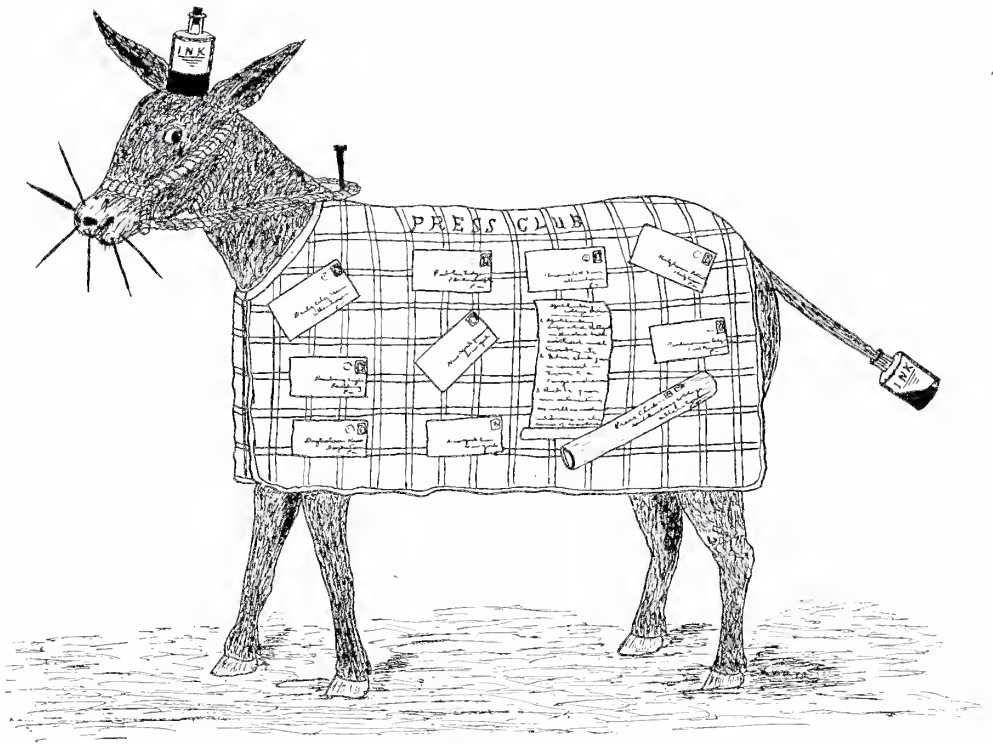
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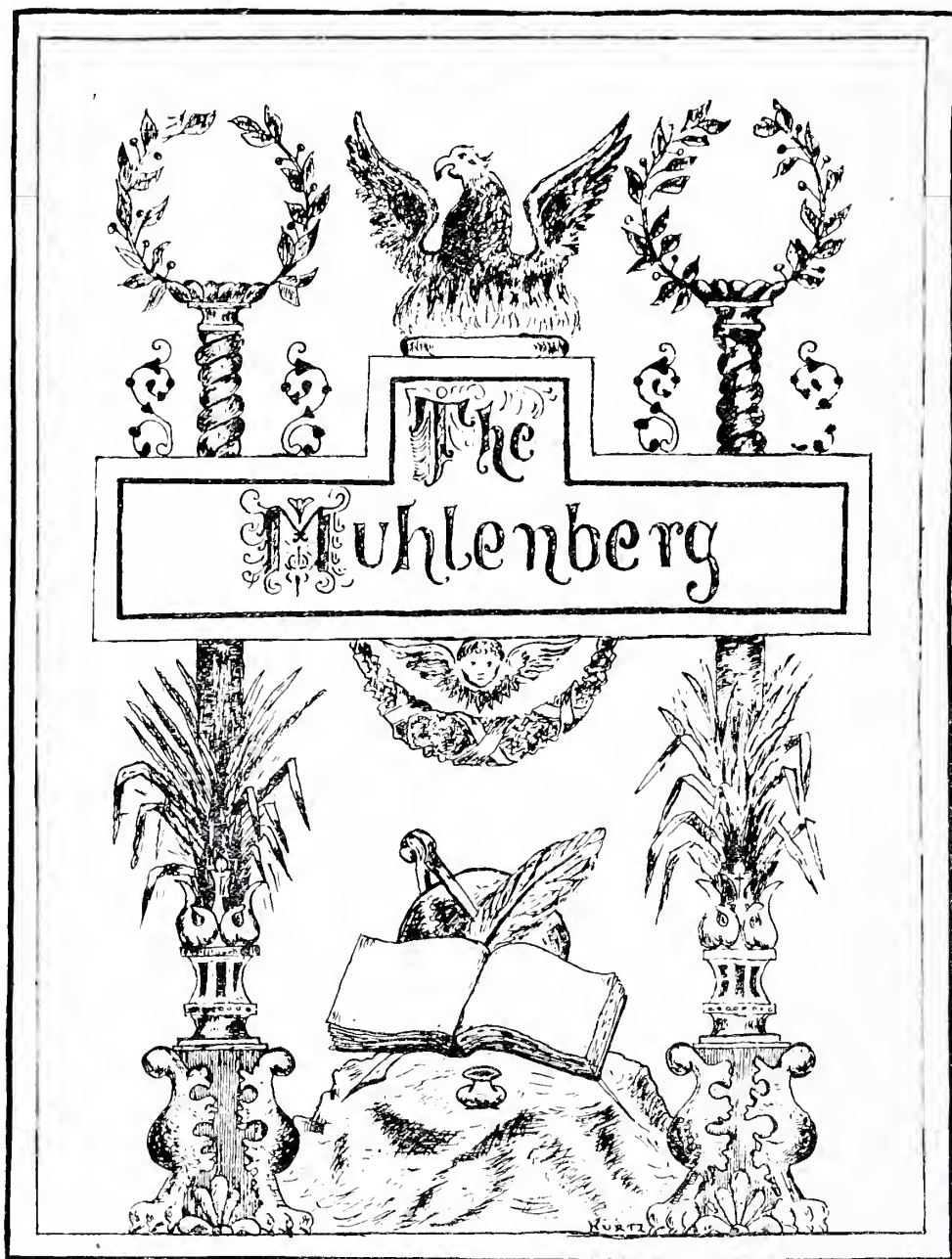
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1901-1902.



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1904.

MILTON M. DRY,	WILLIAM H. KEBOCH,	GEORGE H. RHODES,
EUGENE M. HANDWERK,	NORMAN Y. RITTER,	DANIEL I. SULTZBACH,
WALTER J. HUNTSINGER,		MARTIN J. SWANK.

1905.

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LEHIGH,	URSINUS,
SWARTHMORE.	

The tenth annual contest of the Union was held at Franklin and Marshall College on Friday, March 21, 1902. The first prize was awarded to Frederick S. Wright, of Lafayette College, and the second prize to Miss Ida Wright, of Swarthmore College.

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PROF. GEORGE T. ETTINGER, Ph. D.,	DR. HOWARD S. SEIP,
REUBEN J. BUTZ, ESQ.	

OBJECT.

The object of this association is to cultivate friendly relations among the alumni, and to promote the interests of Muhlenberg College.

The annual meeting is held on Thursday afternoon, and the annual reunion on Wednesday evening, of Commencement Week.





Glee Club.



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BUSINESS MANAGER,	WINFIELD P. DELONG.
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JOSEPH M. WEAVER,

MOULTON D. HENNINGER,
CHARLES W. REINERT.

Second Tenors.

LAWRENCE H. RUPP,

SAMUEL H. RAUB,

RAY E. DORNEY.

First Basses.

FRANK M. UHRICH,

RALPH E. KLINE,

JOHN B. GEISINGER.

Second Basses.

JOHN M. WOODRING,
WARREN T. ACKER,

FRANK GABLE,
WINFIELD P. DELONG.

COLLEGE QUARTETTE.

First Tenor, MOULTON D. HENNINGER

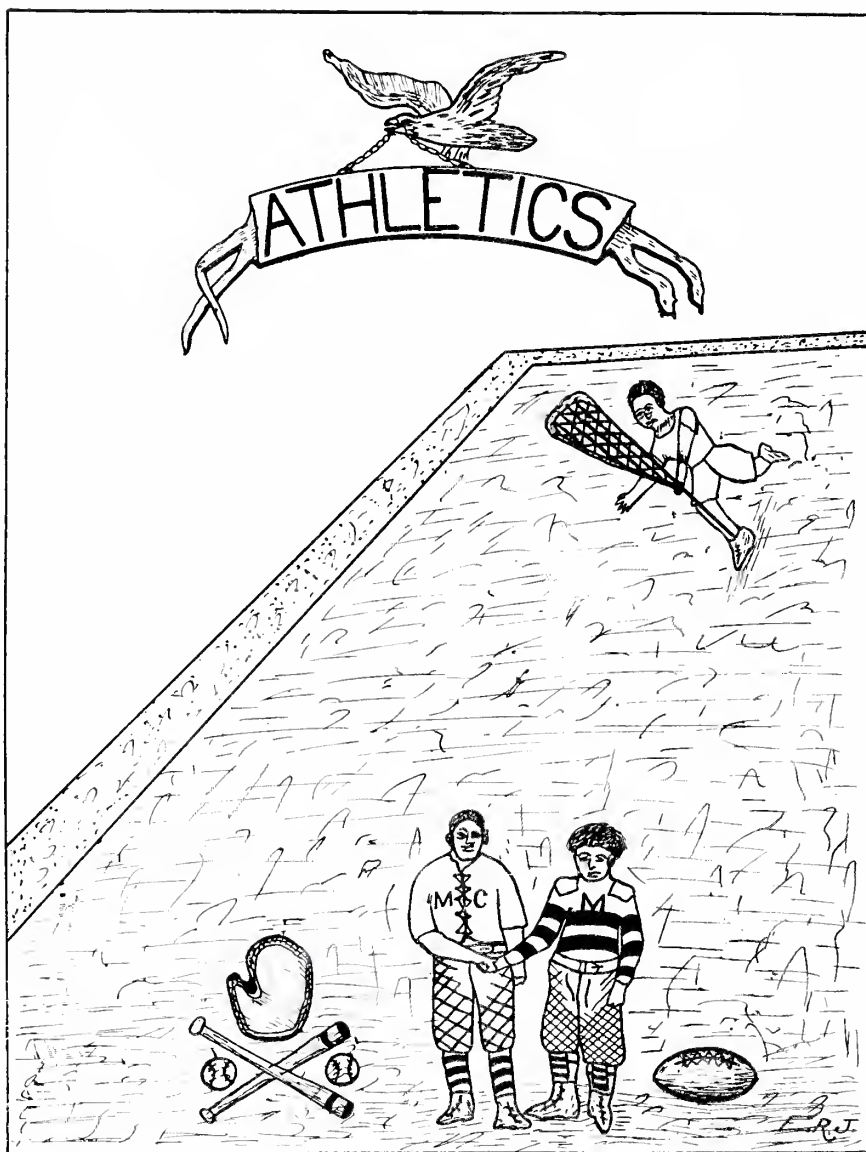
Second Tenor, LAWRENCE H. RUPP,

First Bass, JOHN B. GEISINGER,

Second Bass, FRANK GABLE.



GLEE CLUB



Athletic Association.



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WARREN GEIGER, '02.
CHARLES D. TREXLER, '03.

Base-Ball.



OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN,	WALTER C. BECK.
MANAGER,	IRWIN E. NAGLE.
ASSISTANT MANAGER,	FRANK M. UHRICH.

TEAM OF 1901.

Catcher,	J. RALPHUS FREED, '02.
Pitcher,	ALVIN E. YOUSE, '03.
First Base,	WARREN GEIGER, '02.
Second Base,	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL, '04.
Third Base,	WINFIELD P. DELONG, '05.
Short Stop,	WALTER C. BECK, '02.
Right Field,	{ J. F. KELLER, '04.
	{ WM. C. WIEDER, '05.
Center Field,	{ GEO. W. SPECHT, '03.
	{ HARRY E. BARNDT, '03.
Left Field,	RICHARD W. NEUBERT, '05.

RECORD OF GAMES.

1901.

April	27.	Allentown, at Rittersville,	4—17.
May	1.	Susquehanna University, at Rittersville,	7—18.
May	11.	Lebanon Valley College, at Annville,	1—12.
May	22.	Ursinus, at Collegeville,	3—9.
June	8.	Bangor, at Bangor,	6—7.
June	12.	Perkiomen Seminary, at Pennsburg,	5—8.
June	15.	Pen Argyl, at Pen Argyl,	4—10.
June	19.	Alumni, at Rittersville,	10—11.
		Points scored by Muhlenberg,	40.
		Points scored by opponents,	92.



BASE-BALL, TEAM.

Foot-Ball.



OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN,	GEO. W. SPECHT, '03.
MANAGER,	WALTER C. BECK, '02.
ASSISTANT MANAGER,	HARRY W. SHIMER, '03.

TEAM OF 1901.

Left End,	HOWARD E. SHIMER, '01.
Left Tackle,	SAMUEL H. RAUB, '05.
Left Guard,	CHAS. D. TREXLER, '03.
Center,	{ WM. H. GABLE, '02. LEWIS A. INK, '02.
Right Guard,	FRANK J. GABLE, '04.
Right Tackle,	IRA G. WALBORN, '03.
Right End,	WALTER C. BECK, '02.
Quarter-back,	IRVIN M. SHALTER, '03.
Left Halfback,	WARREN GEIGER, '02.
Right Halfback,	{ CHAS. T. KRIEBEL, '04. JACOB S. KISTLER, '02.
Fullback,	GEO. W. SPECHT, '01.

SUBSTITUTES.

CLINTON F. ZERWECK, '02.	WM. R. KLECKNER, '04.
FRANCIS E. REICHARD, '04.	DANIEL I. SULTZBACH, '04.
CHARLES L. H. GLASE, '02.	

RECORD OF GAMES.

October	5.	Lebanon Valley College, at Annville,	12—22.
October	12.	Reading Field Club, at Reading,	0—6.
October	26.	Perkiomen Seminary, at Pennsburg,	41—0.
November	2.	Moravian Seminary, at Rittersville,	0—0.
Points scored by Muhlenberg, 53.			
Points scored by opponents, 28.			



FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Sophomore Foot-Ball Team.



OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN,	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL.
MANAGER,	LEE M. ERDMAN.

TEAM.

Left End,	GEORGE W. SHERER.
Left Tackle,	DANIEL I. SULTZBACH.
Left Guard,	WM. R. KLECKNER.
Center,	N. Y. RITTER.
Right Guard,	FRANCIS E. REICHARD.
Right Tackle,	JOHN C. FISHER.
Right End,	WILLIAM J. HERBERT.
Quarter-Back,	CHARLES A. HAINES.
Left Halfback,	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL.
Right Halfback,	GEORGE H. RHODES.
Fullback,	FRANK J. GABLE.

SUBSTITUTES.

LAWRENCE Z. GRIESEMER,	LAWRENCE G. DEILY.
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SOPHOMORE FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Basket-Ball.



OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN,	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL, '04.
MANAGER,	J. RALPHUS FREED, '02.
ASSISTANT MANAGER,	GEORGE W. SPECHT, '03.

TEAM.

Forwards,	{	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL, '04.
		RAY E. DORNEY, '05.
		WILLIAM C. WIEDER, '05.
Centers,	{	RICHARD W. NEUBERT, '05.
		GEORGE W. SPECHT, '03.
Guards,	{	WARREN GEIGER, '02.
		ALVIN E. YOUSE, '03.
		WM. M. D'MILLER, '04.

RECORD OF GAMES.

December	7, '01.	Norristown Y. M. C. A., at Allentown,	36—15.
December	14, '01.	Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem,	5—24.
January	18, '02.	University of Pennsylvania, at Allentown,	15—29.
February	1, '02.	George School, at Allentown,	23—18.
February	11, '02.	Bucknell University, at Allentown,	5—16.
February	15, '02.	Drexel Institute, at Allentown,	13—18.
February	21, '02.	Medico-Chirurgical, at Allentown.	24—11.
March	1, '02.	La Salle, at Allentown,	28—16.
March	6, '02.	Allentown, at Allentown,	12—19.
March	8, '02.	Gettysburg, at Allentown,	29—7.
March	12, '02.	Allentown, at Allentown,	18—19.

Points scored by Muhlenberg, 208.

Points scored by opponents, 192.



BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Freshman Foot-Ball Team.



OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN,	SAMUEL H. RAUB.
MANAGER,	WILLIAM C. WIEDER.

TEAM.

Left End,	MOULTON D. HENNINGER.
Left Tackle,	GEORGE M. SMITH.
Left Guard,	JOSEPH R. TALLMAN.
Center,	HARVEY S. KIDD.
Right Guard,	ERWIN H. KELLER.
Right Tackle,	HARRY J. FRITCH.
Right End,	ISAAC H. KERN.
Quarter-back,	WILLIAM C. WIEDER.
Left Halfback,	PRESTON L. BEIL.
Right Halfback,	SAMUEL H. RAUB.
Fullback,	WINFIELD P. DELONG.

SUBSTITUTES.

CHARLES W. REINERT,	GEORGE W. SCHELL.
---------------------	-------------------

HONOR TO OUR ATHLETES.



THE mighty deeds of our athletes
Should not remain unsung ;
But Homer's dead, and Virgil's fled,
And none their works prolong.

Thus end we here the record clear,
Of what the boys have done ;
And justly claim, deserved fame
Is due to every one.

Interesting Events

Happening During the

College Year.

The Sophomore Banquet.



THE Sophomores considered that a great proportion of the fun connected with the annual banquet of that Class could be had at college by watching the Freshmen in their vain attempts to discover the time and place of the banquet, and in seeing them mass every other night to frustrate the imaginary departure of the Sophomores. This ludicrous state of affairs continued during January and the greater part of February, until the Freshmen, thoroughly chagrined by their fruitless vigils, concluded that the Sophomores had indefinitely postponed the time of their banquet. They suddenly changed their minds, however, when, on the morning of February 27, having assembled for the usual morning recitations, they found that every Sophomore was away from college.

They had left that morning on the 5.35 train for Philadelphia, and arrived in that city at about 7 o'clock. They established their headquarters at the Hotel Windsor, and after partaking of breakfast, proceeded to view places of interest in and about the city. The City Hall, *North American* Building, Academy of Fine Arts, Zoölogical Gardens, University of Pennsylvania, and many other places of note were visited. The same evening almost the entire Class witnessed a performance of "Florodora" at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

The next day a great discovery was made. Someone accidentally strayed into the "Rathskeller." The rest of the Class went in to remove him, but did not depart until they had investigated the healing virtues of some of the six kinds of imported German Soda Water for which that place is noted.

The banquet was held on the evening of February 28, at the Hotel Windsor. N. Guiley Finch, of Lafayette College, and Charles W. Rick, of Reading, ex-members of the Class, were also present. Claude T. Reno presided as toastmaster, with all the eloquence and wit for which he is renowned, and each person responded to his toast; even those who were called upon toward the close of the banquet—a fact worthy of mention.

A few returned home on Saturday, although the majority remained until Sunday. The events of the trip to Philadelphia will always be recalled with fond recollections by the Sophomores, and the banquet is recognized as the most enjoyable and successful event in the history of 1904.

MENU.

	Blue Points.	COCKTAIL.
	Consomme de Volaille.	HAUT SAUTERNE.
Celery.	Olives.	Rad shes.
	Planked Southern Shad, with Roe.	
Cucumbers.	Pommes Bermuda.	
	Terrapin, Maryland Club Style.	NIERSTEINER
	Cotelette D'Agneau a la Duxelle.	
Petit Pois.	Pommes Croquettes.	
	Sherbet en Surpriso.	
	Roast Philadelphia Capon, Sauce Truffles.	ST. JULIAN
Haricots Verts.	Asparagus Hollandaise.	
	Salade D'Homard, Mayonnaise.	
Gruyere Cheese.	Toasted Wafers.	
	Strawberry Short Cake.	
	Neapolitan Ice Cream.	Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.	Nuts.	Layer Raisins.
	Cafe Mocha.	CIGARETTES CIGARS.

TOASTS.

Toastmaster, CLAUDE T. RENO.

- "The Class of 1904," HORACE RITTER.
 "When shall her glory fade."—*Tennyson*.
- "Muhlenberg College," J. FRANKLIN KELLER.
 "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"—*Longfellow*.
- "The Faculty," WALTER J. HUNTSINGER.
 "Let shining charity adorn your zeal."—*Hill*.
- "The Freshmen," ARTHUR L. WUCHTER.
 "Much ado about nothing."
- "Our First Year," FRANCIS E. REICHARD.
 "All days of glory, joy and happiness."—*Shakespeare*.
- "Enlisted for the War," LEE M. ERDMAN.
 "Age can not wither it nor custom stale
 Its infinite variety."—*Shakespeare*.
- "Esto Quod Videris," PETER W. LEISENRING.
 "Let this truth be the star by which we steer."—*Thompson*.
- "1904 in Athletics," CHARLES T. KRIEBEL.
 "Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought."—*Shakespeare*.
- "The Purple and Lavender," WM. H. KEBOCH.
 "The signs of hope and triumph."—*Drake*.
- "Our Future," DANIEL I. SULTZBACH.
 "I know of no way of judging the future save by the past."—*Henry*.
- "The Ladies," STILLE A. RENTZHEIMER.
 "Drink ye to her that each loves best."—*Campbell*.
- "Our Banquet," MARTIN C. HOFFMAN.
 "A sight to dream of—not to tell!"—*Coleridge*.

Sophomore-Freshman Foot-Ball Game.



THE event of special interest to the lower classmen—since it is among the first encounters in which these became engaged, and which often brings out prominently some heretofore latent powers—is the annual foot-ball game. On Wednesday, November 6, the game of 1902 was played between the Classes of '04 and '05, on the athletic grounds at Rittersville. It was a very interesting game, both because of the quick work done and the vim displayed.

The line-up was as follows :

SOPHOMORES.	POSITION.	FRESHMEN.
HERBERT,	Left End,	HENNINGER.
SULTZBACH,	Left Tackle,	FRITCH.
KLECKNER,	Left Guard,	TALLMAN.
RITTER	Center,	KIDD.
REICHARD,	Right Guard,	KELLER.
FISHER,	Right Tackle,	SMITH.
SHERER,	Right End,	KERN.
HAINES,	Quarter-back,	WIEDER.
KRIEBEL (Captain),	Left Halfback,	BEIL.
RHODES,	Right Halfback,	RAUB (Captain).
GABLE,	Fullback,	DELONG.

The game resulted in a victory for the Sophomores, but was not gained without a hard contest. The score was : Sophomores, 23 ; Freshmen, 5. Referee, J. R. Freed, '02 ; umpire, George W. Specht, '03 ; linesmen, Harry W. Shimer, '03, and Efenger A. Bartholomew, '02 ; timekeeper, Charles L. H. Glase, '02.

Freshman Sleigh Ride.



The second term of our college year is generally marked as the time when the sleigh rides are held. We are glad to mention the fact that the Class of 1905 did not break the custom. The evening of Friday, January 31, 1902, might be called the evening that laid the foundation of the history of the Class of 1905 ; for the members of the Class heralded their existence to the people of Allentown and vicinity by taking advantage of the freshly-fallen snow and ushering into history that annual event—the Freshman Sleigh Ride.

The departure was so shrewdly arranged that this youngest son of Muhlenberg kept the “wise fools”—the Sophomores—guessing until the last moment. The news of the departure spread like wildfire. One of the Freshmen was a member of the Dramatic Association, and as that organization happened to have its picture taken in the afternoon of this particular day, the Sophomores who were members tried to delay the taking of the picture in order that the Freshman might be left behind by his fellow-classmates. But, as usual, the shrewdness of the Freshmen exceeded that of the Sophomores.

The Class met in the very heart of the city on the afternoon of the above-mentioned date, and defied the enemy to approach. Imagine, if you will, the large sleigh, the fine ride, the arrival at Bath, the soft drinks, the supper, the return, the nap, and the “dark-brown taste and head” next morning. Rex Conviviorum Horn, in Freshmanic style, introduced the various members of the Class, who responded nobly. Thus was effected one stepping-stone in the history of the Class that has brought it into prominence, and that will be succeeded in due time and order by others of greater moment until she shall have ceased to exist as a body.

FIRST COLLEGE PLAY

PRESENTED BY

The College Dramatic Association,

Lyric Theatre, January 30, 1902.



"THE CHEERFUL LIAR."

Dramatis Personae.

JONES, a hymn book and playing card agent.	LEE M. ERDMAN.
EBENEZER GOODLY, head of family,	JOSEPH R. TALLMAN
RICHARD HEATHERLY, Majorie's <i>Fiance</i> ,	J. RALPHUS FREED.
THOMAS HOLDER, policeman,	CHARLES D. TREXLER.
REV. ANTHONY GOODLY, from Australia,	LEWIS A. INK.
WILLIAM BIGBEE, inmate of Insane Asylum,	CLINTON F. ZERWECK.
GEORGE FULLER, superintendent of Insane Asylum,	MOULTON E. MCFETRIDGE.
MRS. GOODLY, Ebenezer's wife,	PAUL J. NEFF.
CISSY, their ward,	WILLIAM H. ROTH.
ALVINA, Mrs. Goodly's Maiden Sister,	EFENGER A. BARTHOLOMEW.
HELENA, Swedish Servant,	WALTER C. BECK.
MAJORIE, } their daughters,	{ PETER W. LEISENRING.
MINERVA, }	{ CHARLES HAINES.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—The prize fight,—before and after—Jones' arrival and what happened.

ACT II.—The complications increase. Jones finds that being a Bishop is no snap. The arrival of the "Real Old Boy," the Bishop's "Ghost Dance Charlie."

ACT III.—The fatal torn coat. The Bishop's arrest. The unraveling of the mix-up.

Specialties.

"Annie Laurie," *Arranged by Dudley Buck.*

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

Solo, "Gypsy John," *Clay.*

RALPH KLINE.

College Medley,

MUHLENBERG QUARTETTE.

COMMITTEES.

Business Managers.

MOULTON E. MCFETRIDGE, HARRY SHIMER.

Play Committee.

LAWRENCE H. RUPP, WALTER C. BECK,

WARREN GEIGER.

Patroness Committee.

WALTER C. BECK,	JOHN B. GEISINGER,	CHARLES T. KRIEBEL,
GEORGE S. FEGELY,	LEWIS A. INK,	PETER W. LEISENRING,
J. RALPHUS FREED,	JACOB S. KISTLER,	ALVIN E. YOUSE.

Third Annual Intersociety Debate.

FEBRUARY 7, 1902.



PROGRAMME.

PRESIDING OFFICER, PROF. GEORGE T. ETINGER, Ph. D.
PRAYER. REV. A. R. BARTHOLOMEW, D. D.

DEBATE.

Resolved: That Napoleon was a benefactor of France.

AFFIRMATIVE—SOPHRONIA.

AUGUST W. ROHRIG, '03,
SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02,
LAWRENCE H. RUPP, '02.

NEGATIVE—EUTERPEA.

LEWIS A. INK, '02,
J. RALPHUS FREED, '02.
WALTER C. BECK, '02.

MUSIC, GLEE CLUB.

Judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

JUDGES.

REV. J. F. POLLOCK, Allentown. P. C. EVANS, ESQ., Easton.
PROF. G. E. MARKLEY, Ph. D., LL. D., Bethlehem.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

SOPHRONIA.

JACOB F. SCHOLL, '02,
CLAUDE T. RENO, '01,
LEE M. ERDMAN, '04.

EUTERPEA.

FRANK M. UHRICH, '02,
GEORGE S. FEGELY, '02,
JOSEPH R. TALLMAN, '05.

1903

ART GALLERY,

With Comments and Elucidations for the Enlightenment and Instruction
of the Observer.



" His deeds inimitable like the sea
That shuts still as its opes and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts."

Man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." Search the wide world over and you will not find a more vivid illustration of the Psalmist's comment on the Creator's masterpiece than in our friend and classmate, HARRY EUGENE BARNDT. His wonderful feats and singular actions inspire the hearts of his fellows with awe and amazement, and leave him practically without a peer. He is one of Bucks County's sons, and certainly Bucks has not produced a greater prodigy for many centuries. Many attempts have already been made by his associates to unravel this enigma, but no satisfactory solution has yet been enunciated. Woe unto him who will dare to risk his reputation for prophecy on this individual! His glory will surely come to naught. For deep in the nooks of his mind may lie hidden some dormant powers, which, when fully aroused at some future time, will more clearly reveal his innate capabilities. His past career, at least, has been beyond reproach. According to tradition he was born in Hilltown township, Bucks Co., Pa. He was educated in the public schools of his native town and finally graduated with honor at the Sellersville High School. He later studied at the Millersville State Normal School. Mr. Barndt also acquired a good reputation as a pedagogue. For two years he was engaged in dealing out hickory tea. This probably clarifies the various vague opinions heretofore held to explain why he should be so calm and attentive during recitations, and at other times so boisterous and precocious. His college life has not yet revealed any very strong inclinations toward any particular profession. We therefore do not possess any safe criterion which will enable us to foretell in what portion of the firmament of life this bright star will shine. We can not, however, refrain from entertaining a sincere belief that a man who, from eternal manifestations, shows indications of possessing extraordinary hidden powers, has been predestined to become famous.



“ But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th’ incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief.”

This is the “ fiddler,” OLIVER REUBEN BITTNER, a character renowned far and wide for humor, pleasantry, raillery, vexatiousness, and trickery. He even at times would be a bore and pesterer. In appearance he is comical, graceful, “ less famous for beauty than strength, and of rather superfluous length.” He struts through the halls as if he were it all. Sometimes he is in quest of knowledge and more light, but more frequently of an opportunity to nip some fellow nodding. Not infrequently may one awake from his cogitations and find his pockets picked, with the contents scattered about his feet, himself placarded on the back or otherwise duped by some wary prowler. He need only search his surroundings, when he will forthwith spy this rogue skulking in retreat and chuckling to his heart’s content. At times, our friend is also entertaining, indulging freely in wit and repartee, and exhibiting many singular eccentricities. His grimaces, when he is in buoyant spirits, will suffice to dispel the frowns from the most sullen countenance. He has perfect control of all his members and seems to possess some magic influence over them at times, for at will he is able to make all his bones rattle in unison. Such an experience is horrifying and we would advise none to encourage this necromancer to apply his charm. Very seldom, however, Mr. Bittner is of a sober disposition, and when despitefully used, even threatening and dangerous. When his countenance begins to darken, his eyes to glare, and his jaws to tremble, then beware. For recreation Reuben plays the violin and is an accomplished vocalist. He is a native of Germansville, Pa., a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School, and a teacher by profession. He is an industrious, honest, and tireless student, and a young man of great promise.



"A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

Behold a typical example of gravity and complacency ; a man of cheer and spirit, but temperate and observant of moderation and decency ; mirthful and industrious in prosperity ; serene and cautious amidst alarms. FRANK CROMAN, from Quakertown, Pa., enjoys the reputation of possessing a calm temper and a deliberate mind. With his genial wit, friendly greetings, and graceful adieus we are all familiar. Being socially and amicably inclined, he can readily adapt himself to all classes and conditions. Although puny in stature and strength, he nevertheless, by his courteous and dignified demeanor, stately bearing, and winning appearance, encounters no difficulty in winning his way into the graces of all. His patient disposition and mild nature exert a charming influence and bind him closely to the members of the gentler sex, for he is a great favorite among the fair, and passes in feminine gossip as "the gentleman with the fine teeth." In harmony with his temperate and sober nature he prudently refrains from taking full advantage of his enviable and attractive position, but shuns all importunate advances, and carefully avoids all enticing snares. Consistent with one who possesses fine taste, and impressed with the truths of the Gospel, he recognizes the splendor and beauty of the "Lily," but does not spurn the merits of other flowers. For pastime our friend recreates his mind by meditating on the fanciful and mysterious. He delights to speak of snakes, and attributes his preference among the fair to his fancied resemblance to the "Man in the Moon." Mr. Croman, however, is a faithful servant of the church. He is a conservative Lutheran and strictly adheres to the tenets of Lutheranism. He also is a zealous Sunday-school worker, and has been successively tested in all the departments of the work. Finally he will follow the humble shepherd's calling.



“My only books
Are woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.”

Behold a philosopher—one who, in contradiction to Pope's philosophy, maintains that the proper study of mankind is *woman!* Hotly does he combat those of an adverse school and vigorously does he prosecute his research to fortify his doctrines. This ardent admirer of the female kind is FRANKLIN THEODORE ESTERLY. He is *persona grata* among the fair, and is neither partial nor parsimonious in reciprocating such an exceptional favor, nor reluctant to cater to their wishes. Our knight is, at the most, seemingly, a very hilarious man; but his happiness is oftentimes blighted by his apprehensions of the future. He is apprehensive that he will be unable to direct his affections so exclusively to any particular one as to justify a permanent union. Consequently, he fears that, after his glory shall have waned, he will be destined to join the forlorn Order of Celibates. This zealous devotion to all and special preference for none the philosopher explains with the time-honored declaration that “variety is the spice of life.” But we would kindly forewarn him of the painful and irksome monotony which will unfailingly follow in the wake of variety, once bewitching and pleasurable in its prime, but now vanished and irrevocable. For the gods will once strip this *beau ideal* of his charms and his fickle worshippers will scurry away to pay homage to a fairer and tenderer one. Although the care of the weaker sex is his chief concern, he at times, for recreation, directs his attention to other matters. Consistent with a man of wide experience, he is very loquacious. As an orator he is gifted, pleasing, spirited and effective. Mr. Esterly received his preparatory training at the Pottsville High School. He is the most recent addition to the Class, and is a very desirable one.



“ He’s young, and quite handsome, no doubt ;
Rather slender, and not over-tall ;
And he loves a snug little turn-out,
And turns out ‘ quite a love ’ at a ball ! ”

We beg your forbearance, kind reader, in introducing this gentle youth to you. After a brief intercourse and a tacit understanding of good-will, he will venture out of his shell and will prove very friendly, courteous and sociable—in a word, a jolly good fellow and a valuable friend. But before you have dispelled all possible doubt on his part as to the nature of your intentions, and have gained his confidence, do not further intimidate him nor disturb his modesty by being rash and making inconsiderate advances ; for he is at first very timid, bashful, unstable in equilibrium, and difficult of approach. He is eager to become familiar with the disposition of strangers before he is willing to court full acquaintance. This modest but exemplary young gentleman is JOHN BENNER GEISINGER. Quaker-town is his home. This place must needs be inhabited by very refined and circumspect people, for our friend exhibits signs of the best breeding and most careful social training. He is very careful to make a handsome appearance on all occasions, and especially when he sings in the College Glee Club. That John has performed creditably and appeared befittingly on such occasions, has at least been thus decided by admiring damsels. By common consent, indeed, he is called a comely chap. It is this solicitude to make a favorable impression which at first embarrasses him when he happens upon a stranger. This element of forethought and caution enters into all his work and causes him to be a very trustworthy and useful man. He is in an uncommon degree successful on the rostrum, his oratory being noted for perspicuity, force and effect. He is a member of the Perkiomen Club and of the Society of Retired Schoolmasters. What the Fates have decreed for our friend is forbidden to us to know.



"He knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

"What" is a complex and abstruse subject for the meditation of ordinary men but this man, JACOB DANIEL HEILMAN, has for many years with great zest and zeal prosecuted investigations and cogitated upon them. He swears by his head, that if he does not know what's what, he would be dead. Therefore do not trifle with his wit or you will surely rue it. This indefatigable searcher after knowledge is not content with merely skimming the surface, but dives to where the fountains rise and becomes familiar with the causes of things. He deems his head too small to hold it all, but strives to sift so as to possess the threads. His mind seems peculiarly adapted to retain knowledge in this way, and when the occasion presents itself, he begins to unravel his yarn at a wondrous rate. This marvelous, uniform, and free flow of words is almost mechanical. When the professor bids him recite, the machine begins to move. It moves without break until the professor again interferes to produce rest. His power, when he is compelled to cease, is as great as at the beginning, and, we would believe, if it were not contrary to the laws of motion and to the powers of mortals, that he could continue to speak forever. This extraordinary ability may be attributed to his thorough familiarity with all subjects, gained by penetrative investigations and close application; also to his hardy mortality. One can readily infer from his emaciated and dismal looks that he is a delver into mysteries. We would, however, beseech him not to be too assiduous or too searching in his inquiries, for the gods are jealous of mortals prying into their secrets, and might abruptly terminate his happy career. Mr. Heilman, nevertheless, is of a jovial disposition, long-suffering and forbearing with his fellowmen, and slow to anger. He lives in Allentown, is a graduate of the Keystone State Normal School, and a teacher by profession. After a thorough preliminary training, he will devote his life to experimenting on mind.



“ If to ask questions that would puzzle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the Middle Age—
If to make precepts worthy of old Cato
Be deemed philosophy--this man's a sage!”

Say ye that Socrates is dead? Refrain from wagering your head. For if this be not Socrates, he surely is his double or equal. This man of many questions is ERWIN REUBEN JAXHEIMER. He busies himself going up and down the highways and byways and accosting whomsoever he meets with an endless succession of questions. Neither high nor low, learned nor illiterate, nobleman nor peasant, professor nor student, prudent nor foolish, old nor young, male nor female can escape this solicitous questioner. This vocation he follows, partly, for pleasure; partly, for edification of self; but mostly, to become familiar with the lot and condition of his fellowmen, to share in their troubles and to prescribe remedies for their woes. He continues to propound question after question until he has completely perplexed and baffled the answerer, and has thoroughly acquainted himself with the wants of his patient. After having secured this necessary knowledge, he forthwith prescribes a never-failing recipe for his malady. If anyone is so foolhardy as to controvert his precepts, he is immediately besieged with such a storm of questions as to make his position untenable. Even Solomon in the glory of his wisdom would not have been able to trip this crafty questioner. Yea, the Sphinx of Thebes would have been compelled to assume a humble mien and acknowledge a worthy rival. Of a truth, if such uncommon ability is a mark of wisdom, “Ajax” is a sage. We hope that this philosopher will not neglect to entrust his teachings and the results of his investigations to letters ere he yields up the ghost; otherwise posterity will be deprived of a priceless treasure. “Jax” is a Bethlehemite. He declines to travel in any other way than by electric car. He is deeply interested in his work, of decorous behavior, pleasing speech, calm temper and temperate disposition. He contemplates studying theology.



“Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.”

In Oley, Berks County, Pa., is said to live a rather singular class of men. They never fall “at odds” nor come to blows; never cast envious eyes nor tread on another’s toes; but always live in peace and share one another’s woes. The men always speak the truth, pay their honest debts, raise large families, walk upright before the Lord, and wait and pray for the great judgment day. Their wives never betray their trust nor infringe upon their husbands’ rights; never pillage the family treasure nor go a-gossiping. The young men keep to their books, are not decoyed by misses’ looks, never tread nocturnal mazes, and always retain sober faces on the most laughable occasions. They never indulge in pies, and always rise at five. The maidens never disfigure their faces nor parade in extravagant laces, but always wear homely graces and avoid dangerous places; go to church every Sabbath, and take in only one beau a day. Thus has rumor designated fair Oley dale, and one indeed is tempted to style it Utopia. We have never been in this vale, but these facts we do not doubt at all; for ROGER CLAUSER KAUFMAN, whose likeness here you see, has told them all. They are here repeated to assist the reader in judging this character more correctly; for Roger prides himself on the virtues of the Oleyites, and attributes much of his success to the moulding influence of wholesome home environments. His “family thread he can well ascend nor does he find it waxed at the further end.” He possesses all the noble qualities of his people, and college life has not changed his steady habits nor impaired his moral excellence. This man from Oley is firm, earnest, devout, faithful, composed, ambitious, assiduous, unassuming and courageous.



" His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home."

Franklin was reputed always to have done the proper thing at the opportune time and at the right place. This man is noted for doing the improper thing at an inopportune time and at the wrong place. When in recitation and bidden to recount the fortunes of the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sin, he speaks of the prospects of the rival candidates at the next election, and urges just claims for Democratic victory. When the time solely reserved for work in Latin is at hand, and he is kindly requested by the Latin professor to translate into English, he remains ominously silent. When he should be in his study, applying himself diligently to his tasks, he is found loitering in the halls, haranguing some absent-minded Freshman or Sophomore and rebuking him for not observing proper decorum. When he should be attentive to the lectures in English, he is busily engaged in delineating the physical features and prominent facial expressions of his *lieblings*-professor on the rear cover of his textbook. This disrespecter of subject and season is EDWIN KELLER KLINE. His countenance seemingly reflects an active mind, and one is almost tempted by his looks to court intercourse with his inner counsels. But when more closely pressed he repels all advances and remains unreservedly taciturn on all subjects, save when a question on politics is broached. Forthwith his tongue is loosened and words begin to stream forth. "Teddy" is indigenous to Allentown, and seldom ventures beyond its limits. Once he was persuaded to join a party of tourists to New York City, but was so chagrined and humiliated by the rude treatment of the police, that by solemn vow he has resolved never to go abroad again. Mr. Kline is an artist and is especially successful in portraying human features. He is also an able financier. He manifests an uncommon interest in politics and strong inclinations for the legal profession. Future time may find him a master in the forum and a "boss" in politics.



“ Young man ! it's a critical thing to go
Exactly right with a lady in tow ;
But when you are in the proper track,
Just go ahead, and never look back ! ”

Here, tireless observer, you behold a mariner, tempest-tossed, weather-proven, who never knew disaster and not once suffered shipwreck. Father Neptune has in turn tried all his numerous wiles to bathe the skin of this fortune-favored sailor in the deep, but he has thus far baffled all his plans and roves the sea with frame unimpaired and stout craft intact. The brave seaman not only kept his own vessel unscathed by storm and waves, but was constantly having his Ladyship in tow. He guided both untouched through all storms and steered free of all rocks ; and therefore deserves the greater plaudit, for not every seafarer can thus elude the crafty sea-king. At times, already, His Lordship would fain draw in the rope and lead his Ladyship to port ; and Her Ladyship would not, but kept her distance true. This mariner, however, has full faith in his powers safely to manage both ships, so that he scorns all assistance and brooks no interference. Who might this sailor be ? This chief of seamen is MELVIN AUGUSTUS KURTZ. With His Lordship we are perfectly intimate, and this we will forthwith proceed to describe. His Ladyship we do not know, and would only add that she is likely fair, and will leave the rest for some more favored day. His Lordship hails from East Greenville, Montgomery County, Pa. In confession he is strictly Lutheran and has descended from a long line of church-fathers. When his services are sought, he proves to be a very pleasing and instructive speaker before Luther Leagues, Sunday-schools and other church assemblies. He is proficient in drawing and possesses fine taste and critical acumen. At school he is a faithful student. During vacation he may be found in the bakery indulging in ginger-snaps and honey-cakes, flavored with tender sweetheart kisses. He has decided to follow in the footsteps of his fathers, and will strive to emulate their laudable efforts.



"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

Here is a man whose home is in the picturesque and romantic Mohawk Valley. The sturdy braves, who once made these forests resound with their savage din, had long since passed into the shades when this late comer made his advent into this region. Hence he reveals none of those sturdy characteristics which one would seek in those who were nursed and reared in a locality invested in every quarter with countless tales of bold adventure and thrilling displays of heroism. On the contrary, he is very gentle, modest, peaceful, averse to all hazardous undertakings, and perfectly harmless. Nevertheless, we fancy that some mischievous elves must still have danced among the tree-tops, and straggling and belated bands of treacherous imps must have wandered through the forests of these mountain dales—which are said to have filled these woods in ages past—when the subject of our sketch came upon the scene. For his features suggest the mysterious and betray some Rip Van Winkle experiences. In spirit and bearing, however, he is a typical representative of the modern class of men which inhabits this valley. His character bears the regal impress of the Empire State—lordly, arrogant, imposing and majestic. But His Majesty is not discriminate in bestowing merited favors, and condescends with open heart to all, provided they are sincere and observe the obligations of true friendship. He strictly heeds the dictates of his conscience and will not be seduced by the strongest arguments. Only once was he galled with a guilty conscience; when for once his conscience was dozing, he broke the bed at *Hotel de Muro*. In German recitations, he is one of the few that have the courage to sit perfectly quiet for the whole period. This sedate, august, reserved and mysterious young man is EDWARD GEORGE LEFFELDT, from Utica, N. Y.



“ To him, the world’s a huge plum-pudding seems,
Made up of richest viands, fruits and creams,
Which of all choice ingredients partook.”

It repents us that we did not persist in demanding a full-sized likeness, in full dress, for this impression ; for this portrait may far mislead strangers to misjudge the moment, capacity and capabilities of this man. You will only observe a small, marble-like head, with clear, rolling eyes, set on broad, square shoulders. If the remainder of the frame should break forth, then would the real giant appear, evidencing the true import of his person. The slender bust would forthwith expand into a paunch of enormous girth, abruptly narrowing into short, thin, flabby calves, and at the base, projecting in ponderous and uncommonly large feet. His short legs afford him small leverage, and by extended base alone is he able to retain stable equilibrium. This portly, but agile young gentleman is ROLAND LORENTZ MILLER, from Emaus, Pa. As is common to men of his form, he is a devotee of Epicurus and Bacchus, and of a jovial disposition. He seeks to sate his stomach with the choicest delicacies procurable, but seemingly without deleterious effects on his system. No prognostications of gout have yet manifested themselves, and we predict a long life of indulgence. This pandering to the wants of the inner man, and such a preponderance, however, do not blight his mental powers ; but his intellectual powers are keen and active, and “ Fatty ” enjoys the distinction of having a very clear head and unruffled disposition. Frequently he indulges in humor, and proves witty and amusing. He delights to laud the good old times of Washington and Jefferson, when men were free from all restraint to indulge to their heart’s content, and not bound by hygienic laws and social rules. Toil and care cannot mar the mirth of this Epicurean, for their company he wisely shuns. What part he will take in the great drama of life, the gods have failed to communicate to us ; but whatever character he shall assume, he will assuredly receive the popular applause.



“ He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy of a martyr's possessing ;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guessing.”

“ Forsooth, a very serious man ;” you will say, “ perhaps heavenly bent.” Thy judgment has served thee fairly well, for he is indeed dubbed “ Parson ” and has most serious intentions. Neither does anger ever mar his sober face. Indeed a would-be saint you here behold, but of a decidedly secular stamp. Although these grave features become the sanctimonious, in this instance, however, they reflect other beside divine thoughts. Indeed we will not attempt to make mention of the numerous diverse thoughts that flit through this man's mind. To say the least, PAUL JACOB NEFF is a very myriad-minded man. Of an extremely contemplative disposition, he, by day, is absorbed by deep meditation and reveries ; by night he tosses on his couch harassed by the dream god. When in his Sabbath garb, he bears himself so reverently and innocently, performs his religious rites so scrupulously, that one is almost tempted to swear, if necessary, that nothing profane could attract the attention of this devout man. When seen, however, in the bustle of life and on the thoroughfares of the world, he is jostling the crowd in his strenuous efforts to reach the front ranks. He is deeply interested in all great enterprises, sacred or profane ; and manifests the same degree of earnestness and sincerity in his secular functions as in his religious offices. Nothing is undertaken except after careful reflection and long deliberation. Everything is artfully planned and skilfully executed. If taken unawares, he displays great self-possession and dexterity in treating with the unforeseen. He is also very successful in guessing, and thus adroitly eludes all the snares of the professor in mathematics. Paul resides in Spring City, Pa., and is the son of a Lutheran clergyman. This partly explains his sober disposition. He is a fluent speaker, cheerful entertainer, of pleasing appearance and kind to ladies.



" We grant, although he has much wit
He's very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out
And therefore bears it not about."

If taciturnity and sobriety are indicative of a great mind and sound sense, this man, HENRY EDWARD ORFF, evidently possesses both. If, however, as is often maintained, they betray duplicity and subtlety and forbode evil, he is a suspicious and dangerous character. But, from daily contact and an unbroken intercourse of years, we are constrained to favor the former and kinder interpretation. Some men would talk always, but this man only when the spirit moves him. Many a less prudent wit would dispose of his choicest wares in a single day, and would flourish and decline in an hour; but he will preserve some of his humor for another day. That the "Governor" is blessed with more than ordinary tact and ability, has been verified by the despatch and proficiency with which he has disposed of every task which has been assigned to him. He enjoys the pleasure of annually succeeding himself as historian of the Class, an honor fraught with responsibility and expectation, and an office difficult to fill in such an august body. That he possesses sound sense is manifested by the care and propriety with which he observes the golden mean. He is prudent not to overtax his mind nor inordinately to drain his energies. He follows a fixed schedule in work. The time allotted to each subject varies directly with its importance and the tastes of the student. A brief period is devoted to the study of German, for Mr. Orff contemplates crowning his education with a course at one of the leading universities of Germany. He will then be able to master the language through communion with those who use it constantly, and without severe application. Natural Theology is his forte and he purposes finally to consecrate his life to the reclamation of heretics.



" That boy in gloves, the leader of the van,
Talks of the 'outer' and the 'inner' man,
And knits his girlish brows in stout resolve
Some mountain-sized 'idea' to evolve."

The Class of 1903 vaunts itself in having enlisted in its ranks a disciple of Pope. For one of its sons is both an ardent advocate and a strict observer of this poet's celebrated teaching: "The proper study of man is man." WILLIAM HENRY ROTH is a born student of human nature. He delights so much in his calling that he follows it incessantly. Although he does ample justice to his prescribed tasks in college, he never neglects to take advantage of every opportunity to increase his knowledge on his favorite subject of study. With eyes alert and ears erect he carefully takes account of the successes and failures of his companions. He keenly realizes the prime importance of results. He is an expert accountant and well-versed in ratios and limits. Whenever consulted, he can with much ease and without hesitation furnish with remarkable accuracy the merits of any of his acquaintances. So thoroughly has he studied the complexities of the mind that he possesses the ability of determining the relative capacities and the limits of activity of the various faculties of different individuals. He not only critically delves into the hidden natures of his fellowmen, but is also very obedient to the Delphic precept and zealously strives to know himself. His thorough acquaintance with the capabilities of others, combined with a precise estimate of his own powers, makes him a formidable rival. Moreover, he is crafty, hopeful, persistent, talented, ambitious and industrious. He is also very skilful in playing the woman. He has very successfully personated "Jessie Fortune" in "Hickory Farm" and "Alvina" in "The Cheerful Liar." Our gifted friend was born near Tylersport, Montgomery County, Pa. He was educated in the public schools, Sellersville High School and Muhlenberg Academy.



“ And one of those chaps who makes a pun,—
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun,—”

Lo ! here is a man upon whom there sit no flies, impetuous as the running streams and restless as the surging billows. Quickly speak, if you wish anything, for he is in haste. Do not delay him for he must be about doing his urgent business. Attempt not to gainsay him, for he is invincible in verbal combat and you will retire from the fray in shame and humiliation. To satisfy your probable eagerness to learn the name of such a man, we will grant you the desire. He is AUGUST WILLIAM ROHRIG, alias “Larry McKeegan.” He embodies many characteristic traits of the Hibernians, but is luckily a full-blooded Teuton. Dömitz, Germany, witnessed his birthnight. The Fatherland, however, could not long restrain such an adventurous and rebellious spirit. As soon as the stripling could muster sufficient strength, he sundered his chains and fled to the mountains of Pennsylvania. Dusky Mauch Chunk is now his most favored retreat. This plucky man possesses a very complex nature and Proteus-like can adapt himself to well-nigh all conditions and circumstances. His most prominent propensity, however, is to quibble. In argument he is hair-splitting, long-winded and inflexible. An extended experience and exhaustless stock of information render him very effectual in disputation and he never misses an opportunity to press his claims to authority. As an orator he is forcible, eloquent, pleasing and persuasive. Industry, honesty, piety and punctuality he cherishes and practices as golden virtues. Although the Church enjoys his best service, it nevertheless is not unlikely that we shall some day light upon him guiding tourists through the crumbling castles and gorgeous cathedrals of the Old World.



“ 'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute.”

This is plain ROBERT SCHLOTTER, the pitchfork orator, from Hellertown, Pa., a born controversialist. He is a man of strong convictions and inflexible opinions. He finds much pleasure in gainsaying others, but with great stubbornness and bitterness resists all contradiction of his own views. He is not at ease unless he may be carping at someone. Zeal and earnestness, however, govern all his actions. It is not envy or love of glory that spurs on this fiery caviler, but the inner impulses of his disputative nature and the desire to champion truth and correct reasoning. Any display of vanity or insolence is resisted with bitter reproach and relentless rigor. Occasionally he may be seen severely reprimanding conceited swells or inflated fops for their foolish display of ignorance. He is frank and blunt of address, and does not hesitate to brand every measure not in harmony with his tastes as most odious and pernicious. Rail and rave he must, for the gods ordained it thus. For he who aspires to become a messenger of the gods and expounder of their will, must necessarily cultivate a censorious spirit. Men may question his authority and the urgency of his counsels, but the final reckoning will disclose their error and the importanee of his calling. “Bob” is not only fitted to exert a wholesome influence in his private walks, but is exceptionally qualified to be an effective public reformer. But on account of his modesty and meekness, however, he can be persuaded to appear on the platform only after long and earnest solicitation. When he is prevailed upon to make an appearance, his oratory is of the highest type—impressive, powerful and persuasive. His words break forth with such impetuosity and “loftiness of sound” as to stir the hearts of the most callous. Mr. Schlotter received his preparatory training in the public schools and at the Hellertown High School. At college he pays special attention to those studies which will fit him best for his noble calling.



“ A deep occult philosopher
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned.”

Whether this man is an Irishman or an American Indian is an open question. “Some hold to the one, some to the other.” He himself insists that he is a remote offspring of the Redman, but his classmates persist in calling him “Irish.” From his remarkable endurance, agility, energy and combativeness, one would be induced to credit his claims. His physiognomy and structure also tend to turn the balance in favor of the same; for when his ire is once kindled his visage will reflect the fierce countenance of the ancient warrior of the American plains, and from his glowing eyes will blaze forth flames of fire. Some have already experienced what such savage features forebode, and no one is eager to incite his wrath. Never perhaps has been imprisoned in such a small compass of human shape, such an exuberance of physical strength which could break forth with such decision, force and effect when occasion demanded it. You will observe a little man, but a mighty one. While in action he resembles the Indian; in temperament, however, he is like unto the Celt—presumptuous, obstinate and irascible. A philosopher—obscure, biased and unjust. He would contend that a man, offering an insult, should forthwith be challenged to a duel; that the end justifies the means; that a Berks County man is superior to all others; that wealth and might should win the day; that to escape the wrath of a German professor, a lie is justifiable; that prevarication is an honorable means to shield the truth. This Irish-American is IRVIN MAURER SHALTER, from Temple, Berks County. He is an industrious student, of exhaustless energy and irresistible determination. As a companion, he is agreeable and amicable, provided one possesses sufficient common sense not to dispute his authority or to oppose his plans. He aspires after law and reveals many superior qualifications to grace a successful barrister.



" Ah, you flavor everything ; you are the vanilla of society."

" Gee Whiz ! " Who is this rosy-cheeked, sweet-looking and azure-eyed gallant that casts such beckoning glances ? He is Cupid's man. Beware, feeble lady, lest you be his game. For, concealed beneath his knightly accoutrements, he has a quiver laden with Dan Cupid's unerring missiles. Approach not near him. For this skilful and certain archer will surely stretch his bow. This Venus-sprung huntsman is HARRY WINFIELD SHIMER. Many and thrilling have been his adventures. But unfortunately Old Sol never enjoys the pleasure of feasting his eyes on this mighty hunter's chase, for when the sun shines he is in the sweet embrace of Morpheus. Only when darkness falls does he sally forth on his bold excursions. Many a maiden has been tempted by his pleasant and harmless mien and many exciting chases have followed when they turned to flee his arrows. Indeed, when you behold this picture you will feast your eyes on a jewel in the esteem of handsome lady, and a lion in society. This dandy does not fail to observe the favorable impression and prestige which he is gaining in social circles, and is oftentimes tickled with the pleasurable sensations that these thoughts provoke. He does not hesitate thoroughly to diffuse his fragrance so as to rise as a sweet-swelling savor to the nostrils of his admirers. Mr. Shimer not only strenuously strives after social preferment but is also solicitous to acquire preëminence in all noble and honorable enterprises. Although yet a tender youth he has enjoyed exceptional educational advantages and has been schooled well in practical experience. He was born in his own town, Shimersville. As soon as he had mastered the alphabet and knew English sufficiently well to study other languages, his educational training was entrusted to the principal of Perkiomen Seminary. Many of his strong passions are not yet completely subdued, but from present indications of progress toward this result, we can safely predict that in due time they will be properly restrained by the rider's bit.



“Here Wit and Fancy in scholastic bowers
Twine beauteous wreaths of metaphysic flowers;
Here Speculation pours her dazzling light
Here grand Invention wings a daring flight.”

“Pray, who is this?” Be patient. You shall hear. ’Tis ARTHUR LEWIS SMITH. “But why does he look so sober, as if on silent meditation bent? Does some absent highland maiden engross the thoughts of this quiet man?” Oh, no! ne’er could the fairest lady monopolize a mind like this. Nay, here Wit and Fancy reign supreme and gambol with glee in meadows green.

Sir Arthur hails from the hills of Wayne County. He is the youngest and tenderest of a large family. He is a scion of the well-known and numerous house of Smiths. He is either directly or indirectly related to every man in his native village. The long nursing of a pious mother and wholesome home environment have left an indelible impress on his character. This has bred contempt for vain foolery and ostentatious display. But he is in no wise a dull entertainer and his sharp and ready wit makes him a desirable companion. Mr. Smith can well say, “My mind to me a kingdom is,” and on its throne genius and ability, imagination and speculation, reign in splendor and bliss. These powers are so active that it is not uncommon to see them hold high carnival in their palace and our friend to be completely helpless at their behests. Aërial navigation has already been contemplated. Old Luna will finally have to condescend to open its gates to mundane intercourse. The present rude electrical machines will be supplanted by far more efficient and improved inventions. Fiction will enjoy a golden age. Hymnology will experience a glorious revival. A parson will eventually evolve, but we would warn all spinsters not to waste powder and ammunition, for this merry bachelor has renounced all intentions of ever becoming a benedict and will never succumb to your wiles.



“ A head erect, serene, and cool,
Endowed with Reason's art,
Is set aloft to guide and rule
A throbbing, wayward heart.”

Another member of the mighty house of Smiths. This is Smith, the younger, no near kinsman to Sir Arthur just lately treated, nor of a similar disposition, but in many ways diametrically opposite. He also is a noble representative of this illustrious family, but of an adventurous and restless spirit, a chivalrous and stately knight of the twentieth century. CHARLES ALFRED SMITH, from Maxatawny, Berks County, Pa., is a spirited, hopeful, intrepid, and impetuous youth. A robust and eager country lad, intoxicated with the strength-giving rural ether, he rushes along like a furious charger, brushing away everything in his path. Occasionally in his rashness he blindly dashes against a snag, and is unhorsed and discomfited; but without delay or disheartenment he gathers himself together and undismayed proceeds on his bold excursion. Whither such a froward heart and reckless daring might plunge our fiery knight, we shudder to relate; but thanks to the all-wise Providence, who in his foresight has provided our friend with a cool head and wise discretion. Although of a vehement nature, his fiery passions are sufficiently curbed to prevent disaster. Many older heads might waver at a most critical moment, but this unruffled mind always acts with propriety and decision. “Smithy” is in jubilant spirits when the winds are favorable, and his neighbors are not long in learning the fact; for in his exuberance of joy he is solicitous to have his friends share in his heyday and sometimes to the pains of both. Mr. Smith is dauntless, gifted, studious and ambitious. He is a youth of brilliancy and promise; and when his course is run, his life will doubtless bear evidence of faithful stewardship.



"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

We would kindly advise all who would seek the fellowship of this son of Thunder to be circumspect and considerate in their approach ; neither overbearing nor indecent in demeanor. For his anger is easily aroused by insolence or any incivility, and the storm of abuse and reproach which will be called forth will be irresistible and difficult to appease. But if you bear yourself modestly and bridle your tongue properly, his wrath will sleep on and calmer passions will hold sway. **GEORGE WILLIAM SPECHT**, from Hokendauqua, bears the sobriquet of "Bismark" among his classmates, and many of the sturdy qualities of the great Premier are repeated in his namesake. He is active, headstrong, imperious and menacing ; but very officious and indulgent to an adopted friend. His battle-cry is, "My friend, right or wrong." Such extraordinary affections is he accustomed to lavish upon his chums. One striking contrast, however, between the two personalities is that of impressiveness. The threats of Prince Bismark humbled his friends to their knees and spread dismay into the camp of his enemies, while the ravings of this younger Bismark occasion only amusement for his associates and incite ridicule among his foes. Although still not infrequently his wrath is kindled into flame, nevertheless the kind admonitions and wholesome lectures of professors, together with the acquisition of the classics and the devoted attentions of his fellow-students, appear to have exerted a salutary and softening influence, for he is now able to repress his ire, except when extreme arrogance exhausts his forbearance. Possessing a hardy physique and an athletic disposition, he participates in all collegiate sports. His achievements, either on the gridiron, diamond, or in basket-ball, have been brilliant and highly commendable. What dame Fortune has predestined for our friend, has not yet been revealed to us ; but we are constrained to cherish the hope that such fiery inclinations, when once turned into the proper channel and properly restrained, will be productive of much good.



“ But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother.
The difference is so small, his brain
Outweighs his rage but half a grain.”

“ Beware, fellows, do not tease *Ursus Major*.” With this cautionary injunction, CHARLES DANIEL TREXLER would warn his companions against recklessly courting disaster. The bugbear, which he would pit against the importunate and with which he would frighten away assailants, is his own person, fearful and menacing in appearance, but disguising a faint heart and helpless mass of nothingness. This bugaboo may intimidate strangers; but such as know the truth, regard it only as mere braggadocio and delight in teasing the “animal.” Although his pranks afford more amusement than those of the most cunning and dexterous monkey in a menagerie, his superior human endowments and well-balanced character attract the attention of all. “Trex.” is a splendid example of what may be realized by a system of “harmonious development.” His person embodies all the requisites of an ideal man—physical, intellectual and spiritual. One of the professors, judging from his ponderosity and well-developed physique and fearing a preponderance, suggested that he should fast for a season; but he failed to note the high degree of development of the complementary parts of the man. His intellectual powers are keen, active and remarkably susceptible. Great depth of mind and an exhaustless fund of ready knowledge are exhibited by the promptitude and dispatch with which he solves every knotty question propounded to him. Especially is he versed in German lore, and not infrequently has almost half of the recitation period been spent before the professor succeeds in baffling this wily wit. Mr. Trexler hails from Bernville, Pa. He is the son of a Lutheran clergyman, and strictly adheres to the Augsburg Confession. He is a man of fine tastes, observes proper etiquette and is a strict fashionist.



“ To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learned ;
Raised high above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college.”

This is a man of the people, no guy nor prodigy, but he attracts attention by his winning ways, kind offices and exemplary character. He greatly loathes regular routine and constantly seeks more pleasure in diversions. Books are his constant companions, but he is in no wise a bookworm nor does he cruelly devour them, but is only their boon companion. He merely peruses them for pastime and to banish *ennui*. Fiction, detective stories and love-lyrics possess the greatest charms. “ The Lives of Frank and Jesse James ” he has styled his *vade mecum*. This cheering influence of books upon his disposition was soon noticed by his fellow-students, and he was forthwith chosen librarian. In this capacity he is very efficient and to books most officious. We deplore the day, when we shall be deprived of his services and the books of his guardian care. IRA GUY WALBORN, from Pinedale, Schuylkill County, Pa., is universally esteemed by his schoolmates as a gentleman of the true stamp. He “ goes to school,” but never arduously applies himself ; yet he is a man of erudition and refinement. Music is one of his many accomplishments and he is most acceptably performing the duties of organist in the college choir. He also is an honorary member of the “ Order of Knights of the Fragrant Weed.” By extensive reading and a close observance of “ the passing of the times,” he keeps well abreast with the rapid strides of progress, and is indefatigable in promoting all beneficial improvements and manly enterprises. Sound judgment and anxious deliberation characterize all his efforts. He is continually revolving plans in his mind for the elevation of society and the amelioration of the condition of humanity. We venture to predict that, after a maturer development of his powers, his fond hopes will be realized and government, society and industrial pursuits will undergo a complete revolution.



“ Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.”

Dear reader, tarry for a moment and carefully examine this portrait. Should you recognize it as the likeness of your friend, JOSEPH MILTON WEAVER, your countenance will be all aglow from the many fond recollections of happy hours spent in his company, and your heart will overflow with none but the tenderest affections. He is alike the darling of gentle lady and the favorite of noble knight. Should you be so unfortunate as to be a stranger, do not delay to cultivate the acquaintance of this young gentleman. “Joe” is in no wise distant, neither repellent nor restrictive in the number of his friends. It will be very easy for you, if of a sociable and amiable disposition, to win his graces. He will cheerfully share with you both your joys and troubles. Our friend is stately in bearing, polished in manners, excellent in deportment; but nevertheless very kind-hearted, sympathetic and benevolent. He is the possessor of an exceptionally sweet tenor voice, and his fame as a soloist has spread far beyond the confines of the Lehigh Valley. His talent has already been sought in distant cities. One possessing so many charming qualities and cardinal virtues must needs have sprung from noble sires. It is not improbable, if we should be better versed in genealogy, that we would be able to trace the origin of this singer to the Thracian Orpheus. Mr. Weaver is a genuine Allentonian. He was born, weaned, reared and educated within its precincts. He is a graduate of the High School and at present a very industrious student in the scientific department of this institution. He will probably some day be one of the leading physicians of this country.



" Sublime Philosophy !—benignant light !
Which sees in every pair of wrongs, a right ;
Which finds no evil or in sin or pain
And proves that decalogues are writ in vain ! "

Another philosopher, of a new school ! " Foolish men may fret and bemoan their wrongs, but I shall never. The captious may while away their time in prescribing punishments for transgressing the moral laws, but I shall place a more charitable construction on these trivial and universal faults. Fanatics and bigots, conscience-bonnd, may insist on strictly observing the letter of the law, but I with the light of reason consider it sounder policy to limit its literal signification with modifications adapted to the occasion. Others less enlightened may exile happiness and sunshine out of life and groan under pangs of self-torture for the atonement of moral transgression, but I will scorn such Pharisaical holiness, lead a temperate and contented life and hopefully await clemency at the final judgment. All hail the day when sophistry and scrupulosity will succumb to sound philosophy and reason ! Blessed are those who enjoy sufficient common sense and courage carefully to seek the well-being and guard the interests of *number one*." This is, in brief, the philosophy of CHARLES WILLIAM WEBB. He is a native of Allentown and is strenuously opposed to everything averse to its best interests. The only child of fond parents, he is, as might be anticipated, a spoiled boy. Like the impatient and solicitous infant, he fancies all goodies are for his exclusive enjoyment. He even entertains the belief that his fellowmen were created to serve as bumping-posts to satiate his superfluous animal spirit. Notwithstanding these oddities " Ikey " is a genius. He always makes brilliant recitations and without previous preparation. This peculiarity may perhaps be explained by his natural affinity to books. For whenever one falls in with " Ikey " if he looks carefully, he will always espy a book. Our friend is very exact in speech and will be a lawyer.



"Think not cards my chief diversion
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion."

This gentleman is sorely vexed and considers himself cruelly abused by various slanderous, unduly exaggerated or false reports, which have lately been circulated among his friends in regard to the nature of his recreation. Keenly realizing the trying ordeal of safely withstanding the public gaze and the great weight and lasting influence of popular criticism, he has donned his costliest robes and best mask for this impression. That his appearance on this occasion may not be marred by any reflections on his character, he is solicitous to correct such vilifying rumors, to justify his course to those misinformed, and to exonerate himself of all guilt. He therefore earnestly beseeches that the following be very carefully considered :

I, MERVIN JONAS WERTMAN, seeking the well-being of all and entertaining malice toward none, would timely warn all sedulous busybodies to refrain from wagging their tongues too assiduously, and from plying their trade too industriously. Give also heed that you be not bearers nor heralds of false rumor, or you will reap the whirlwind. Especially do I warn those defaming my fair name and disgracing my noble vocation by greeting me as faro-king and desecrating my hallowed abode by denominating it "Monte Carlo," immediately to cease their slanderous assaults on my honor. If such do not strictly heed my admonitions, I will forthwith consign them to Orcus and to the mercy of the stern judge and there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

We would advise all such who are engaged in spreading these malicious reports, to be wise and speedily to amend their ways ; for these imputations are utterly groundless and the righteous wrath of our friend is boundless. If not excessively abused he is innocent as the lamb and a kind friend. He is a young man of rare accomplishments and exceptional talent. The future promises much for him.



" For her, the idol of his soul,
He'd e'en explore the frozen pole ;
Arabia's sandy deserts tread,
And trace the Tigris to its head."

The keynote of ORLANDO SASSAMAN YERGER'S life may be struck by studying the word devotion in its various phases. This trait of character is peculiar to most of the inhabitants of his native town, Perkiomenville, Pa. According to his own words, this characteristic resulted from a tendency inherited from his ancestors, and from the influence of his associates. While at college, his studies form the principal object of his devotion. With these he begins to tension his mind in the gray of the morning, and does not permit it to relax until midnight. He considers it a grave wrong to be found without a book. Loomis's Calculus he has styled his *vade mecum*. He does not even occupy his bed without either having a book for his pillow, or hugging it at his side, or using it for a foot-rest. Occasionally he binds these receptacles of ancient and modern lore into a bundle with a pair of old suspenders, which were previously fastened to the end of a stick. This he slings across his shoulders and starts for the mountains, deeply contemplating and seriously meditating. About every three weeks he manages to release himself from his studies in order to spend a short time with his parents, and a longer time with his friends. Then it is that his feelings of ecstasy and rapture cause him to leap wildly about. Then, too, he begins to eschew his studies. Then he gives himself wholly to one sweet and charming soul in Perkiomenville. None other can hope to occupy so lofty a position in his noble mind, not even the *Belles des Chambres* of Hotel Muro, New York. He expects to enter the ministry, for which none other is better fitted. He is sincere and earnest in his work, of a mild disposition, loves to do what is right, and is beloved by all. From present indications we may safely predict for this young man a bright and glorious future.



"He is in logic a great critic
Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl ;
And that a lord may be an owl."

Be not afraid, timid reader, this man can do you no harm. Although of frightful mien and loud speech, he is not able to vindicate his intentions. His chivalrous display of defiance forebodes much, but will end in mere show and emptiness. This man of many threats and fruitless promises is ALVIN EDWARD YOUSE. In argument he would be shrewd. He proceeds on the presumption that all men save himself are fools and ignoramuses. He stickles and makes much ado about nothing. If by chance he is opposed, he threatens to prove all his assertions both mathematically and logically ; but on the plea of the total ignorance of his opponents of such abstruse subjects, he always begs to be relieved of employing such methods. He vaunts himself on his keen analytic and discriminative faculties, and pretends to draw very fine distinctions far beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds. Although the subjects on which he displays his skill are numerous and various, trivial and weighty, the question of the origin of man holds first place and calls forth his best efforts. The Darwinian theory is defended with great ardor and stubbornness. He claims with absolute certainty, that Adam was an orang-outang, and that in his modern descendants many of the characteristics of the Simiae are noticeable. Evolution is claimed to be plainly evident in the whole order of animal life, and he considers himself the highest state thus far realized. This hot-headed controvertist is a denizen of New Jerusalem ; not the heavenly city, but some obscure village in the backwoods of Berks County. With these comments on the eccentricities of the gentleman, we would wish to add with all seriousness that he is earnest, studious, talented, serious-minded and will become a minister.

Literary Department.

In Memoriam.



THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two had well-nigh reached the end of her course, when suddenly there loomed before her the hand of Death, beckoning one of her esteemed members, CLARENCE D. HECKENBERGER, to his reward. We were plunged into sorrow, and scarce could realize that our friend, who was friend indeed, should be snatched from our midst in the blush of early manhood.

Our classmate's stay here was short, but it is not for us to say his life was unfinished. God's ways are inscrutable, and He knoweth what is best; therefore let us be thankful for the lessons we may learn from his short career, knowing that he has passed from death unto life.

"We see but dimly through these mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us, but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps."

Philip Dowell, Ph. D.

A Brief Sketch and a Tribute.

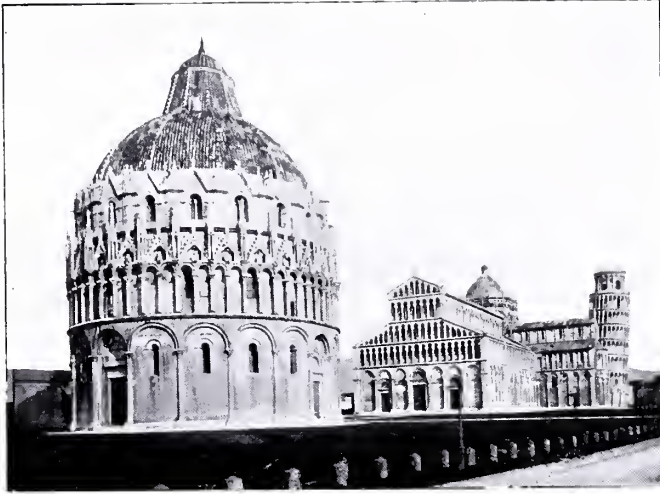


IN the month of April Muhlenberg College sustained a severe loss in the resignation of Prof. Philip Dowell, Ph. D. Dr. Dowell has accepted an appointment in the U. S. National Museum, at Washington, D. C. He was born at Attica, Ind., December 3, 1864; removed to Galena, Ill. in 1866, where he was raised on his uncle's farm and attended the country public school. He entered the preparatory department of Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., in the Fall of 1876, and graduated as A. B. in 1885.

In the Spring of 1889 he acted as assistant in biology at Augustana College, and during the following school year he taught commercial branches in Augustana Business College. In 1890-91 he taught elementary science in Hope Academy, Moosehead, Minn. In the Fall of '91 he entered Yale and took up science subjects in the Academic Department of Yale College. In the following year he went to the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. In the Fall of '93 he attended the University of Nebraska, then returned to Yale and graduated from the Scientific School in 1895 as Ph. B. In '95-6 he acted as assistant in biology at Yale, and continuing his studies, received the degree of M. A. in 1896. He was Professor of Natural Science and Mathematics in Upsala College, now at New Orange, N. J., in 1896-7, and at the same time studied biology in Columbia University. Many of his Summer vacations were spent in teaching children's schools among the Swedish people and in collecting plants. The Summers of '96 and '99 he spent in study at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass. He began his duties as the Asa Packer Professor of Natural and Applied Sciences in the Fall of 1897.

He came to us well prepared and highly recommended, and during his comparatively short stay with us had endeared himself to all the students. He was a thorough professor, and every young man who was privileged to study under his tutelage felt thoroughly repaid for his efforts. His wide knowledge, not only of subjects, but also of teachers and men noted for their proficiency in special departments of learning gave him many advantages which other professors lack.

He was a profound scholar, a model citizen, a faithful Christian and the entire community together with the student body, deplores his removal from our midst. His work has been taken up for the present by Rev. John A. Bauman, Ph. D., and John Lear, A. M., M. D.



Another Symphony in Stone.

BY REV. GEORGE C. LOOS, '94.



CERTAIN famous buildings may be considered typical of special features which they possess. Thus the most imposing building in the world is the Coliseum at Rome ; the most distinguished, Westminster Abbey, London ; the most notorious, the Tower of London ; the most romantic, the Alhambra, Granada ; the most ornate, the Milan Cathedral ; the most revered, St Peter's Church, Rome ; the most awe-inspiring, the Roman Pantheon ; the most nearly perfect, architecturally, the Campanile at Florence. But the most wonderful, all in all, is the Cathedral of Pisa—"a group of buildings without a parallel."

Pisa, a quaint Italian town of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, is situated on both banks of the Arno, and is surrounded with an ancient wall pierced by six gates. It possesses many points of interest even for the casual visitor, notably several fine bridges, a botanical garden, and a famous university which boasts of a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. But to the tourist the centre of attraction is the venerable pile in the Piazza del Duomo, or Cathedral Square. This includes the cathedral itself, the baptistry, the burial ground, and the leaning tower. The group is singularly situated in the suburbs of the town, and not in the centre, where we would expect to find it.

The greatest interest attaches, quite naturally, to the leaning tower. This is the bell-tower of the cathedral, standing at some distance from the cathedral

building. It is a hollow cylindrical shaft, one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and fifty feet in diameter, with walls thirteen feet thick at the base. It is an architectural gem, constructed in seven stories, entirely of marble, each stage except the lowest surrounded with an open colonnade. The building, begun in 1174, was completed in 1350, and is a monument to the genius of its architects, Bonanno and William of Innsbrück. Within the tower hangs a peal of seven large bells. The view from the landing at the top is fine, including in its sweep the town and surrounding country, the Mediterranean Sea, the mouth of the River Arno, Leghorn, and the Apuan Alps.

The remarkable feature of the tower, however, is not its chaste architectural beauty, but its terrifying divergence of thirteen feet from the perpendicular. As the visitor approaches the town on the train, and his attention is called for the first time to the cathedral buildings, the tower seems to be tottering to its immediate fall, and one almost expects to hear the crash of its crumbling walls. To an observer standing at the base on the side toward which the building leans, and looking up at the careening mass of stone above him, the effect is startling, and the thought comes to him that although the tower has stood at just that angle for six and a half centuries, it might topple over now; and tourists, in the course of their inspection, are often seen to hurry somewhat incontinently past the overhanging side.

The appearance of falling is increased as the observer looks down from the platform at the top. When he musters courage to peep over the railing he sees himself apparently hanging in mid-air, for the wall, receding beneath him, is entirely invisible, and his first act is to give a gasp of nervous astonishment and then crouch back against the wall, lest his weight so near the edge upset the teetering mass into the plaza below.

It is a question much discussed whether this deviation from the perpendicular was intentional or accidental. The building rests on piles driven into boggy ground, and the best authorities have concluded that the south side sank in course of erection, and that the upper stories were added in such a way as to keep the centre of gravity within the base line. This conclusion is confirmed when the visitor notices that the gargoyles, or water-spouts, on the north side are inclined from the horizontal to the same degree to which those on the south side are depressed.

Galileo, who was a native Pisan, and some time professor in the University of Pisa, took advantage of the tower's obliquity to experiment on the laws of gravitation. The desire for independent research in this sphere seizes even the most dilettante as soon as he overcomes his apprehension of falling. This scientific spirit occasioned one experimenter a rather thrilling experience. Miss Edith Swain, the person alluded to, herself publicly tells the story:

"Recalling that during his investigations into the laws of gravitation Galileo used to drop different weights from the top of the tower, I had a fancy to do it, too, and so test my ability to estimate the exact height of the structure. Unfortunately a brilliant idea had seized me when I first thought of making the experiment. I bought a box of small torpedoes, such as are used during the Carnival, so that I could time the fall by the report. I tremble to think what might have been the consequences had I been able to find big torpedoes, like those sold in America for the Fourth of July. Choosing a time when I was alone on the tower, and no one was in sight below, I dropped a torpedo, watch in hand. At this instant a friar came hurrying around a corner, and, by direst chance, his shaven crown passed directly below me just in time to be struck by the falling torpedo, which exploded with appalling effect. I do not know what the poor man thought—perhaps that it was the crack of doom. He was fearfully upset, and so was I. The torpedo was too small to do more than frighten him, but his amazement on looking up and seeing me peering down at him in open-mouthed horror, like a gargoyle come to life, was excruciatingly ludicrous. I forgot to time the report. And thus ended my first and only experiment in physics."

A personal experience may here not be out of place. The guides say that the best time to ascend the tower is at sundown, when the surrounding plain is bathed in the glory of the setting sun, and the Arno flows to the Mediterranean a river of flame. I therefore decided to wait until the sunset hour. The local ecclesiastical regulations, however, prescribe the closing of the tower at six o'clock, which, in summer, is some time before sunset. At two minutes before that hour I presented myself at the door for admission, but was curtly told by the doorkeeper that the tower was closed. We palavered awhile, badly mixing our Anglo-Saxon and Romance languages. Finally, however, on the exhibition of a handful of copper, and the promise to hurry, I was allowed to enter. The top is reached by one hundred and ninety marble steps ascending spirally inside the wall. As I bounded up these steps, two at a time, wondering whether Galileo had ever gone up in that undignified style to find the center of gravity, I became conscious of a curious phenomenon. For a few steps the ascent would be as laborious as climbing a ladder, then would come the comfort of walking on a level floor and then again the labor of climbing. The steps seemed in a most extraordinary manner to rise and fall. "Has my tiff with that rascally doorkeeper thrown my co-ordinating faculties out of gear?" thought I, as I settled down to an apprehensive walk, "or is this reeling tower at last toppling over?" But it was neither. The angle at which the tower leans southward so modifies the rise of the steps that at the west wall they seem all but perpendicular, whereas on the other side they are nearly level. The peculiarity is quite marked, and it is especially noticeable when one ascends rapidly.

The Campanile at Pisa is not the only leaning tower in the world. There is one at Venice. Bologna has two, the Garisenda and the Asinelli, both of which, because they are older and have a greater inclination, are even more startling than that of Pisa. The fame of the latter arises from its beauty, history, and environment.

The second of this group of buildings is the baptistry. Like the bell-tower,

and in accordance with ancient ecclesiastical custom, it stands apart from the cathedral structure. As its name indicates it is the building in which baptism is administered.

Competent critics have pronounced this baptistry the most elegant structure of the kind in Italy. In design, in wealth of detail, in execution and finish, it is a marvel of beauty. The building is constructed entirely of marble, in the form of a circle one hundred feet in diameter. It is of Gothic architecture and is surmounted by a conical dome. Its erection was begun by Diotisalvi, in 1153, but it was not completed until 1278. Standing directly in front of the cathedral, thus symbolizing baptism as the initial ceremony of the Church, it rises to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, massive in fact, but in appearance so light and graceful that it seems scarcely to touch the ground on which it rests. Within, a magnificent marble baptismal font, the work of Guido Bigarelli, is placed directly beneath the dome; near it, resting on seven columns, is the famous hexagonal pulpit, built in 1260, the masterpiece of Nicolo Pisano. Eight mighty pillars and four pilasters support the roof of the building.

The unique feature of the baptistry is an amazing echo, which is only less remarkable than the inclination of the leaning tower. The custodian of the building exhausts his English vocabulary with the sententious words, "Fine echo," and walking to the baptismal font he sings in a mellow, musical tone the single note: Do! There follows a moment of absolute silence,—just long enough for the listener to remark that the note sounded thin and piping in the cavernous depths of the building—and then, from far up among the curves and corners of the roof, the sublimated note sounds forth again, weak at first, but growing in strength until it rings out in full volume. An angle catches and reëchoes it; the two notes in like manner become four, the four eight, and so on, quartette, octette, double octette, until it seems as though a very multitude of the heavenly host were singing forth from the celestial choir lofts. The note swells and vibrates in the spacious building for an incredibly long time, and then gradually softens away into silence.

The guide once more lifts his voice and sings, in succession, the four notes of the major chord: Do! Mi! Sol! Do! and now the effect is even more astonishing. As before, the notes are swallowed up in silence, and then, again as before, they ring out, gathering strength and volume, not one tone in unison this time, but four notes in harmony. The music swells in volume as each nook and corner adds its chord, and then, by some astounding acoustics there is added an echo of the original notes one octave lower, two octaves lower, until the very building seems to vibrate with the lowest tones of a cathedral organ. Louder rings the music, deeper tones forth the invisible organ, until, after one great burst of melody, the sound gradually subsides and dies away.

The music of the great organ in Westminster Abbey fills the building with a pervasiveness that is awe-inspiring; but of undesigned effects nothing that I have ever heard is so thrilling as the echo in the baptistry of Pisa.

The third of this remarkable quartette is the campo santo, or burying ground founded in 1203 by Archbishop Ubaldo de Lanfranchi. An Italian Gothic structure surrounds the cemetery as with a wall, one hundred and thirty-eight yards long, fifty-seven wide, and forty-eight feet high, built according to plans of Giovanni Pisano, and consecrated in 1278. Within the quadrangle formed by this building is a vast cloister containing round-arched windows adorned with elaborate tracery. The pavement of the corridor is laid with tombstones, many of which were originally in the cathedral. Here repose the bodies of many famous artists and ecclesiastics. The walls of the cloister are of special interest, being covered with famous frescoes by painters of the Tuscan school during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The enclosure also contains monuments of Roman, Etruscan, and Mediaeval design.

The campo santo is in a special sense "holy ground," for it is filled with fifty-three shiploads of earth brought by Archbishop Ubaldo from Mt. Calvary at the time of the crusades.

Ecclesiastically the most important building in the Piazza is the cathedral itself. Amid other surroundings it would be, with its fine paintings, frescoes, sculptures, and especially its history, an object of studious and reverent inspection. As it is, it receives but scant attention from the tourist.

The edifice, founded on the site of the palace of Hadrian, is of Tuscan-Romanesque design, in the shape of a Latin cross. It was erected according to the plans of Boschetto and Rinaldo, and was consecrated in 1118. In 1595 it was nearly destroyed by fire, but was subsequently restored. The building suffered severely in the various wars which the doughty Pisans waged against their Genoese, Venetian, Luccan, and Florentine neighbors in the struggle for commercial and political supremacy. So much, indeed, did it suffer that many of its richest art treasures have been either entirely destroyed or much mutilated.

Externally the cathedral is plain, except as to its beautifully pillared west front, but within, it presents a wealth of historic and artistic attractions. Sixty-eight Roman and Greek columns, captured in war by the Pisans, support the roof. The twelve altars were built by Pietra Santa, after designs ascribed to Michael Angelo. The high altar, of marble and lapis lazuli, is rich and ornate. Fine altar pieces by Andrea del Sarto, Lomi, Passignano, and other artists, are preserved. In the choir are beautifully-carved stalls. Some remarkable mosaics in the dome and apse are the work of Cimabue. One of the original great bronze doors, representing twenty-four scenes from the life of our Lord, still hangs in the south transept, having until now outlived fire, wars, and age.

Thoughts of Galileo flash through the mind as one enters the building, and there, sure enough, in the nave swings the very bronze lamp (by Battista Lorenzi) the oscillation of which gave to the great physicist his first idea of the isochronism of the pendulum. It was at Rome that he was formally obliged to recant his views reaffirming the Copernican system of astronomy : there is no connection between the solar centre of the planetary system and the principle of the pendulum ; but as one watches that slowly swinging lamp, he almost imagines that he can hear the words which, as Galileo rose from his recantation, he is said to have muttered, “ *E pur si muove* ” (still, it does move).

The guides tell us that there is a completely furnished roof garden on the cathedral. Whether there is really such an adjunct, whether it is “ completely furnished,” as roof gardens go in our own country, whether the strenuousness of Pisan devotion prescribes or permits such relaxation, and whether the uninitiated are admitted to this novel retreat, are points concerning which we are not informed.

In this cathedral convened in 1409 an ecumenical council to adjust a schism which had rent the Church since 1378, caused by two rival claimants to the papal see. The convention deposed both of the rivals, Gregory VII, of the Roman line, and Benedict XIII, of the Avignon line, replacing them with Alexander V ; but, as neither withdrew, the world beheld the spectacle of three Popes at one time, each hurling anathemas at the other two.

I have called this wonderful group of buildings a symphony, and so, indeed, it is—a composition of four independent parts, but with an inner relationship so harmonious that it appeals to the eye as the masterpieces of music appeal to the ear, charming, soothing, satisfying.

A visit to the Duomo of Pisa is like a dream of fairyland. Away from noise and smoke, away from hurry and turmoil, away from jostling crowds, away from incongruous surroundings, it stands in its architectural perfection under the smiling Italian sky a dream of beauty, and one from which, happily, there is no rude awakening.

It is, indeed, “ a group of buildings without a parallel,” reckoned as one of the modern seven wonders. And no wonder !

PASSING.



O VER the twinkling, frolicking stream,
 'Neath a sky deep with blue,
'Mid trees fresh in their green ;
With God's creatures of joy
Twitting, singing, at play ;
With pure life all aglow
On that life-breathing day,
Hung the last of a bridge
Swaying back and forth—slow—
 Lulling to sleep
 Memories deep
Of the pattering feet
Of a past, long-ago.

So the heart hangs and sways
O'er life's twinkling stream ;
So the memory clings
To the mossy banks green—
Still life lives all its days—
And the bridge—hangs—and sways—
 Crumbling away—
 Passing—decay—
'Til it rests in the stream
That it spanned yesterday.

JEAN ZELLER, '96.

Some Problems of the Present and Higher Education.

BY THE REV. J. F. OHL, MUS. D., '71.



IN passing from the Nineteenth to the Twentieth century the world left behind a century of vast changes in economic, social and religious conditions. These changes, whilst in many ways affecting civilization as a whole, have been especially marked and rapid in our own land.

Perhaps the first thing upon which the mind fastens in contemplating the progress of our own country is its marvelous material development, made possible by steam and electricity, and the application of machinery to every form of industry. These forces have in much less than a century put into operation more than 190,000 miles of steam and many additional thousand miles of street railway ; opened, peopled and developed immense stretches of new territory ; built up thousands of manufacturing establishments and hundreds of cities ; and increased our national wealth from less than two thousand millions in 1820 to the fabulous sum of over eighty-one thousand millions in 1900.

The forces at work to bring about this development have also completely revolutionized conditions, and have thrust into the foreground a multitude of new problems that still await solution. This is especially true in the *industrial* and *commercial* world. Industry is no longer individual and muscular, but organized and mechanical. The factory has taken the place of the small shop ; machines do the work formerly done by hand, and do it much faster and better ; capital, and the facilities which only large combinations of capital can create, are driving the small competitor out of business ; ownership and control are beginning to be the privilege of the few ; and thus it comes that, in the main, but two classes of bread-winners are left—wage-givers and wage-earners. Nor are the relations between these two classes always cordial. The more arrogant capital is, and the more the wage-earner feels himself reduced to the condition of a dependent, the wider becomes the breach and the greater the mutual hostility.

In the wage-earner this feeling is, moreover, intensified by the thought that he is not receiving his just proportion of the accumulating wealth. He reads, on the one hand, of the rapidly growing fortunes of the favored few, and on the other, of the comparatively meager wages which organized capital and necessity compel him and thousands of his fellow-toilers to accept. He hears of the extravagant luxuries of those whose wealth he is helping to create, but also of the miseries of the multitudes of men and women whose long hours of wearisome labor and inadequate pay scarcely suffice to give them and their children an existence. He

sees, again, how trusts and monopolies in their unrestrained exercise of power, and for their own enrichment, arbitrarily fix prices and enhance the cost of living, while his earnings remain unchanged. And in view of these things he comes to the perfectly legitimate conclusion that a grave injustice is done him. Whilst the average condition of employees is beyond question better in this country than in any other, it must not be forgotten that the increasing intelligence of the masses is also producing increasing wants. Realizing, however, that these wants must too often remain unsatisfied, that he finds it year by year more difficult to increase his income beyond a moderate fixed amount, and that the gulf which separates his condition from that of the capitalist is steadily widening, it is not surprising that the wage-earner is manifesting a growing spirit of unrest and discontent.

The same forces that have wrought changed conditions in the industrial and commercial sphere, have also brought about changed *social* conditions. Organized industry is making civilization congregate. The forces at work in the industrial world are building up the towns and cities; and the more rapidly population is centralized in these, the more serious becomes the social problem. Where heterogeneous masses—often composed of many nationalities—are brought together, the process of assimilation is slow; where population becomes dense land-values and rents increase; where the latter is the case, the home gradually disappears and the poorer classes are forced into the unsanitary and oftentimes demoralizing tenement; and the more the home is broken up the weaker become those influences which, next to those of the Church, make for right manhood and womanhood. The poverty, the filth, the disease, and much of the vice and crime of large cities are no doubt in a very great measure due to overcrowding. Nor are only the poorer and more helpless classes exposed to the enervating influences that are always found in large centres of population. The appeals to the senses, the lust for gain, the contagious materialism of the times, the almost complete surrender to commercial interests, the love of luxury—these and many other influences, found in their most intensified form in the cities, are to-day operative on a large scale to enfeeble their moral life.

We are, therefore, prepared to find that, with the centralization of population, *political* and *religious* conditions have likewise changed. "Machine" government, "boss" rule, and municipal corruption, with all the evils these entail, have become the festering sores and the crying shame of many of our American cities, and through these of some of our greatest commonwealths; whilst statistics show that as cities become larger the number of churches and communicants becomes relatively smaller. Thus it is evident that in these spheres also there are influences at work, which, if not checked, will subvert the very foundations upon which a nation can alone hope to have an enduring existence.

In this connection it is also to be observed that notable changes are taking place in *modes of thought and belief*. We are living in an age of investigation and

of scientific research. The deep mysteries of nature are looked into as never before, and the problems relating to God and man are discussed with renewed vigor. Unfortunately, however, the present trend is to deal with the latter precisely as with the former. Science, not faith, lays hold of revelation, puts up its question marks, and rejects everything that seems to be beyond the cognition of reason or the possibility of demonstration. And this spirit has made itself felt in many pulpits, has invaded many institutions of learning, is reflected in much of the literature of the day, and is beyond doubt powerfully influencing popular thought and belief.

Now a review of these conditions suggests numerous questions. Whither are we drifting? How shall these problems be solved? What are the just relations between capital and labor, between the wage-giver and the wage-earner? What readjustments must be made to give each his equitable portion? What restraints must be put both upon organized capital and upon organized labor, so that each may remain within proper bounds and serve the highest good? What will ultimately result from a still more extensive organization of industry and a still further concentration of wealth? With cities rapidly becoming the dominating factor in our national life, what will be the outcome if present tendencies in these continue unhindered? Where must their political purification begin? What must be done for their social and religious betterment? How may the doubt and scepticism of the day be removed, and revelation again come to be held in proper reverence as the authoritative voice of God?

These and many other questions of like import sustain a very close relation to the question of higher education. For their proper solution it is, therefore, of vital importance that those who will sooner or later occupy prominent stations in life, and who will help to shape policies and public opinion, should be familiar with the movements, problems and thought of the day, study them in all their bearings, and come to right conclusions. The college or university that fails to make *thinking* men, and whose chief aim is to impart a training that can in the shortest possible time be converted into material gain, has departed widely from the high ideals of past generations of educators. Those trained in such schools are not the men to influence and direct the thought and doings of others along the highest and noblest plane, because they themselves have not risen to it; nor can this plane be reached by any whose thinking and doing are not governed by the precepts of Divine revelation. Hence the importance of the Christian element in higher education. Men must learn to view the many economic, social and religious problems of the present from the standpoint of the New Testament. Here they must look for those principles, which, having first molded their own thinking and doing, will enable them to mold the thought and actions of others. And to bring these principles and the problems of the day into close and proper relations—this is a part of the mission of the Christian college. May the day,

therefore, never come when these humbler institutions of the Church that have given the land so many men of high character and noble power, will no longer exist; and may those that have departed from the old standards and ceased to be specifically Christian come to learn again that the true wisdom is not man-made, but that it cometh from above.

COMPENSATION.

BY A. B. YERGER, '00.



WHEN the noise and the toil of the battle of life
Have ended, and closed is the day,
Then I put down the cares and burdens of strife,
And hastily speed far away.
On the wings of the light evening breezes I go
Over mountain and valley and plain,
And I live a new life in the realms of the air,
Till the world calls me back again.

The light of this life is the silvery moon ;
In beauty, majestic and rare,
It floods all the earth with a radiance calm,
And blots from the mind every care.
All sorrows are hidden, all pains are laid by ;
There is naught that the eye doth behold
Save that which is beautiful, peaceful and still,
Like a dream that is left untold.

Most wonderful castles I build in the air ;
And down through their hall sublime
Sweeps the brilliant array of the heavenly spheres
On their march from the portals of time.
I know that ere long these castles so fair
Must crumble and fall in the dust ;
That back to the labor of every-day life
My wandering thoughts will be thrust.

But the soul will be strengthened, the body renewed,
And each weary task in the day
Will be lightened and cheered by the vision untold
That I saw in the heavenly way.
And perhaps some companion on life's weary road,
Bowed down by his burden of grief,
May see with my eyes those beauties so fair
And from cankerous cares find relief.

Greater Muhlenberg.

S. E. O.



GREATER MUHLENBERG is bound to come. The movement has assumed such proportions that final success can be predicted without a fear of failure. Already a tract of land, consisting of fifty acres, has been purchased in the western part of the city of Allentown, and everywhere, on the territory from which Muhlenberg draws its students and receives much of its support, the friends of the college are busy organizing for the purpose of prosecuting the work of collecting funds for the proposed new buildings. Recent meetings of representative business men, in many parts of our territory, give assurance of ultimate success to the movement to place Muhlenberg on a footing commensurate with its present work and future possibilities. Failure can come only through the unfaithfulness of those who claim to be the friends of the institution.

The plan outlined by the Board of Trustees is a comprehensive one. After a full and thorough consideration of the subject in all its bearings, the Board unanimously decided to secure new and larger grounds, and adopted a comprehensive building plan, which will eventually result in the erection of a dozen or more different structures for the use of the institution, and establish an ideal college home.

As soon as the funds shall warrant, the beginning will be made in the erection of the most necessary buildings. These will embrace an administration building, generous in size and modern in all its appointments; dormitories, built on what is known as the cottage plan, now adopted by the best equipped institutions as most suitable for the health and comfort of the students; a gymnasium and athletic grounds; and such other buildings as may be found necessary in removing the institution to its new home.

The matter of collecting funds for this new enterprise is making encouraging progress. The friends of the college have already subscribed \$32,000, of which the alumni have subscribed \$9000. The Alumni Association is at work in the effort to secure a \$50,000 building fund for the erection of an Alumni Hall, which it is aimed to make the students' center of attraction and convenience on the new grounds. If this statement reaches any of the alumni who have not yet given their pledge toward the securing of this fund, it is an invitation and a request to send in their subscriptions as soon as possible. The present is the time to help *Alma Mater*.

UNFINISHED.

BY A. B. VERGER, '00.



A MUFFLED footstep sounds upon the path ;
A stealthy hand is laid upon the door ;
An old man, whitened by the snows of years,
With restless footsteps moves along the floor.
He stops, he listens, and a look of fear
Creeps o'er the quivering lips and pallid brow ;
He knows that it is Death who for him waits—
Ay! even at the door is knocking now.

With trembling voice he asks who stands without.
Deep silence. Then the answer comes in tones
That to the mind suggest some chilling clime
Where Sorrow reigns and ceases not her moans :
“ 'Tis Death who stands without your door and knocks
To call you far away from friends and home ;
This is the work I do from day to day
As through the broad expanse of earth I roam.”

In pleading tones the old man begs him leave
And call again some more convenient day :
“ A noble work I have in mind to do
That shall relieve the burden of life's way,
And bring sweet peace to many a weary soul.
Within my thoughts a thousand kind words lie
That I would scatter broadcast, ere I go,
To ev'ry aching heart that passes by.

“ In dreams I've heard a melody divine,
And in my waking moments, too, it floats ;
Some day I'll group the scattered chords in time
To form a song like heaven's sweetest notes.”
“ Nay! Nay!” the cold, relentless voice replies ;
“ Thy years were passed in dreaming of things great ;
No trial made in small things day by day.
Thy plan of action cometh now—too late.”



So when our days pass by,
Devoid of good or ill,
We'll find, alas! too late,
That wasted life consists
Not only in a life of active sin,
But in neglect as well.

“Virtus, Scientia, Industria.”



NEARLY all young men who enter a college have a purpose in view, a desired goal, a high ideal. As a number of persons meet in social intercourse for the first time, many different views and opinions are discussed. Many debates and controversies are held in the beginning, but after a time entire harmony prevails.

One of the duties of a Freshman Class is to select a motto—a word, words, phrase or sentence—which shall serve as a stimulus to greater effort and urge a student to do his duty to his professors, his classmates, and himself.

This motto should contain elevating, ennobling and inspiring words or thought which aims to make the moral, physical, and intellectual standard as high as possible. Many are the words and ideas which can be used for such a purpose, and yet more could hardly be expressed in three words than in these, “Virtue, Knowledge, Industry.” Many evil influences tend to turn the course of an individual. Some of these approach him openly and swiftly ; others secretly and stealthily. If he is not fully prepared to meet, cope with, and overcome these varied forms of temptation, he will surely fall into one of the many snares and pitfalls laid in the path of the student. If he sees “Virtue” constantly before him, as it were, in letters of gold, and strives to conform his life to the golden rule, many of these alluring vices and subtle deceptions will not mar the beauty of his character ; for he will be enabled to withstand the onslaughts of these changing forms of error. The constant practice of moral duties will surely bring its reward.

During his college career a man desires a clear perception of what is right and wrong ; what is a truth or an untruth ; what is fact or mere theory ; what is in harmony with progress and advancement or what hinders them.

“Knowledge” is gained in many ways, but earnest and faithful self-application and self-reliance bring their well-merited recompense. Many kinds of knowledge are acquired, but with “Virtue,” as a guide the seeker can easily ascertain which leads to improvement and excellence of character, and which to degradation and impoverishment. With “Virtue and Knowledge” we have enormous powers ; still these are of little avail if we do not remember and make use of the third word of our motto, “Industry.”

It is the hard work of a person which brings erudition and drives away hurtful and injurious tendencies. We can only obtain knowledge by paying constant attention to a required work so that our diligence becomes continuous and habitual, and not lax and intermittent.

Armed with “Virtue, Knowledge, and Industry” we can go through our

course, take up our intended vocation, pass through the mazes of life, overcome its difficulties, surmount its obstacles, and approach our graves feeling that our lives are not a failure.

Those who have very high ideals and standards may not reach their wished-for goal ; nevertheless they will climb much higher than those whose hopes, aims, and ambitions are merely to exist and be of slight service to their fellow-mortals and themselves. When their life-work is done, and they look over the past they will realize that their success was due in a great measure to “Virtue, Knowledge, and Industry.”

A FATEFUL RIDE.



I N truth, the fourth day to the last
Of the second month, is memorized ;
For on this day the lot was cast
Which fates our college higher prized.

In its dark and musty halls, at noon,
Trustees and the Faculty assembled,
Only to seal the old walls' doom,
Whose sentence some had cancelled.

Then up they rose, both old and young,
To take a memorable leave ;
Which will be held in future song,
A sign that they would more achieve.

Eight prancing steeds, four to a sleigh,
In pompous style, bore them away
For a half-hour's ride along the ray
The bright sun sheds at close of day.

To prove this site they all had come ;
If it might answer to their needs ;
If here to move they'd be at one ;
If here they might do greater deeds.

When nothing had escaped their view,
The apt Trustees thought it would do ;
And the Faculty consented, too,
Being anxious for the buildings new.

Then home they went with hearts content,
Building castles in the air ;
For now they were quite confident,
That Fame's dear scroll their names would bear.

A Few Stray Thoughts About Books.



ONE of the great events in life is to fall in love with a good book. It is an influence which will permeate our bodies. It is a teacher that will help, comfort, guide, inspire and refine us. It is a friend who may always be trusted, and who will lift us out of our selfish world and open new vistas of thought, and take us to a higher, calmer and wider world. It may be a biography which introduces the reader to an humble person who reached the pinnacle of fame because he never failed to do his duty. It may be a history which reveals the movements and destinies of nations which have long since been forgotten. It may be poetry which lifts all common things on a higher plane and causes music to emanate from our daily surroundings. It may be a book of science revealing to us the depths of profound researches. It may be a religious work which will draw us nearer to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature" tells us that every good author appears to have a predilection for some favorite author, and contends that these advantages preserve the taste and elevate the sentiments to the standard of the adopted model. Demosthenes delighted to read Thucydides. Scipio Africanus was inspired by reading Xenophon. Voltaire often referred to Racine. Milton was frequently reading Homer. Leibnitz was so familiar with Virgil that he could repeat whole books from memory. It is not necessary to confine ourselves to one author, but it is absolutely essential to consult only the most reliable authorities and read the best books.

No matter to how great a height a man may rise he inevitably bows to the guidance of some other mind. But what is his selection? We have books and books which reveal to us the choicest thoughts of master minds from the remote ages to the present time, but the first selection which all persons should make is the Holy Bible. After that, all desire to read sensational and degrading literature will gradually disappear and the individual will eventually have his mind as clean as his body.

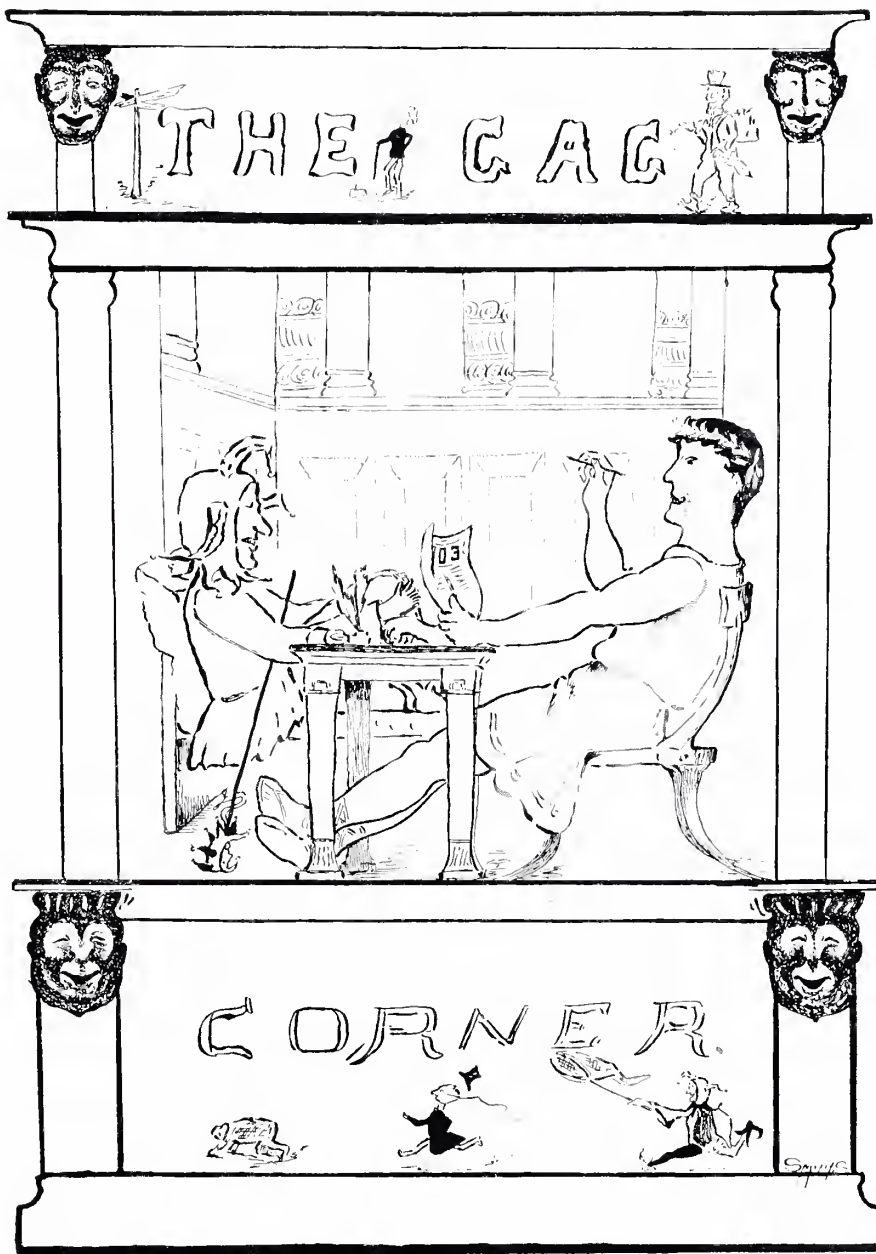
A 1903 SONG.



WE 'VE come from North, from South, from West
To plant our banner here ;
Beneath its folds we seek the best,
No future will we fear.
We love our Profs. and all the fellows,
But we would join the fray,
And give our Class an impulse grand
Along a nobler way.

We had to struggle very hard
To push ahead thus far ;
But courage, and hope and zeal
Would us from naught debar.
We 've had some Latin and some Greek,
Their keys, and Sciences,
And now we 're ready for the year
That ends our fleeting course.

What others did that we will do,
Being moved by strong desire.
With courage high and purpose true,
We 've hearts with zeal on fire.
Though oft we falter, oft we fail,
There 's hope for him who tries,
And those who help themselves will all
Be helped to higher rise.



The Seniors' Characteristics, with Prognostications.



NOTE.—Pursuant to a resolution passed by the Faculty, urging such an important work, and the solicitous request of the Senior Class, the CIARLA Board has seen fit to publish the following statistics. The work has been accomplished at a great expenditure of time, labor and talent, and that it constitutes an invaluable contribution to the world of letters passes without a doubt. As the Seniors now leave these classic halls to render their mite to the world of action, the value of preserving these characteristics and facts in printed form in the archives of the college, and spreading them broadcast over the reading world, must be only too apparent to all.

NAME.	NICKNAME.	BYWORD.	APPETITE FOR WHAT.	HAUNTING PLACE.	AIM.	FITTED FOR WHAT.	AMUSEMENT IN CLASS.	SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.	REMARKS.
APPEL.		"Gosh."	Everything.	Hasn't discovered any tams.	Teacher.	Stump speaker.	Asks questions.		
BACHMAN.	"Relic."	"Kill 'em."	Indian relics.	Blue Mountain.	Naturalist.	Manager of a dime museum.	Traces his origin.	Big head, wise look.	Swift walker, non-sense talker.
BARTHOLOMEW.	"Siss."		Ladies.	N. 8th St., City.	Ministry.	Missionary.	Bites his thumb.	Not club-footed, sleepy look.	Thinks he's an Indian.
BECK.	"Baldy."	"Don't look pretty?"	Base-ball.	Troy Steam Laundry.	Ministry.	Base-ball.	Talks learnedly.	Catchy eyes.	Courts two girls.
BRUNNER.	"Phil."	"Go kiss me."	Turkey.	6th St., City.	Politics.	U. S. Senate.	Eats candy.	Shiny head.	Spoons too much.
FEGLY.	"Birdie."	"You're only foolish!"	Etiquette.	Lyric Cafe.	Ministry.	Saboon keeper.	Plays with his goggles.	Rosy lips, dimpled smiles.	More good sense than one thinks.
FREED.	"Curly."	"Oh my!"	Nuding's.	Hotel Hamilton.	Law.	Soap dealer.	Twists his curls.	Little feet.	Hates women.
GABLE.	"Pop."	"You bet."	Spooning.	Casino.	Ministry.	Athlete.	Trims his nails.	Curly hair.	Excessive talker.
GEIGER.	"Crazy."	"Get off the earth."	Athletics.	The Capitol.	Installment agent.	Bank cashier.	Counts other people's money.	Little hands.	An authority on oratory.
GLASE.	"Belly."	"You fossil."	Cigarettes.	East Haus.	Lumber dealer.	Ministry.	Sleeps.	Strong whiskers.	Well-balanced head.
HEILIG.	"Slob."	"You woman."	Latin.	6th and Hamilton.	Ministry.	Politics.	Draws pictures of women.	Massive body.	A noted athlete.
INK.	"Ego."	"I did it."	East Haus tripe.	13 Linden St.	Ministry.	Clerk.	Smiles.	Sad face, inert body.	Studies too much.
KISTLER.	"Eck."	"See!!"	Toothpicks.	Court St.	Ministry.	Book agent.	Reads "Jessie James."	Sweet face, charming eyes.	Eats too much.
KUEHNER.	"Mammy."	"Oh Dear!"	Psychology.	92 Gordon St.	Teacher.	German Prof.	Counts his pawn tickets.	Dark complexion, curled mustache.	Drinks too much.
LINDENMUTH.	"Mum."	"Och, Yes."	Beefsteak.	Chicken House.	Ministry.	Stage.	Reads letters.	Rosy cheeks.	Good singer.
LINDENSTRUTH.	"Thin."	"I told you so."	Whiskey.	His room.	Ministry.	Railroad president.	Reads love letters.	Very sanctimonious.	Combs often.
LYNN.	"Fish."	"Get off."	Doggies.	Laboratory.	Medicine.	Butcher.	Trims his nails.	Brunette; inoffensive.	A botanical crank.
McFETRIDGE.	"Irish."	"Got any money?"	Cheese.	N. 10th St., City.	Gang Boss.	Post painter.	Makes cigarettes.	German nose, stout toes.	Great orator.
MOYER.	"Pete."	"I'm done for."	Poetry.	Circle Cafe.	Writer.	Fish dealer.	Reads the "Muhlenberg."	Irish charm, the ladies harm.	Feminine inclinations.
MILLER.	"Doc."	"I know it."	Water.	Room 48.	Surgeon.	Bone dealer.	Does anything that disturbs.	Tall build, poetic look.	Studies much, sleeps little.
RUPP.	"Sweetness."	"Did I do well."	Milk.	6th and Chew St.	Law.	Actor.	Composes music.	Prematurely developed.	Believer in.
SCHOLL.	"Peanut."	"It's easy."	Beer.	W. R. Law-fet's.	Teacher.	Ministry.	Teases his neighbors.	Unconscious talker.	pow-wow-ing married.
UHRICH.	"Easy."	"Cut it off."	Rhetoric.	Lyric.	Ministry.	Green grocer.	Studies the dictionary.	Small mouth, fat cheeks.	Wishes he was
WEISLEY.	"Imb."	"Hold on there!"	Sauerkraut.	Gymnasium.	Ministry.	Undertaker.	Keeps the roll.	Drrooping ears.	Falls suddenly in love.
WOODRING.	"Kid."	"She's a bute."	Nothing.	S. 5th St.	Medicine.	Dressmaker.	Dissects flies.	Horseman's appearance.	Engaged.
ZERWECK.	"Lobster."	"I mean it."	Sacred music.	5 Turner St.	Ministry.		Eats garlic.	Wrinkled forehead.	Trout'd with boilly effervescence.
								Solemn countenance.	A victim of Cupid's darts.
									Believes in free beer.
									An advocate of woman's suffrage.
									Believes in ghosts.
									Voted for Kistler as Mayor.
									Spends all spare moments in Al-lentown.

AS TO A FRESHMAN.



A FRESHMAN lone, without a mate,
Grew tired of milk and working late.
“Oh my !” said he. “How much I miss,
Since I’ve no darling here to kiss.
“I’ll seek a maiden, mild and fair,
And have her soothe my withering care.
“My Bessie dear won’t find it out,
For home and here are far apart.
“Come, soul of mine, let’s go to meet
A lassie’s soul on her lips sweet.”
Then up he sprung and donned his clothes,
And left his room to find a Rose.
He crossed the hall, he cleared the stairs
With one great leap, a foe to cares.
Hamilton Street gave him a way,
What house a stay, we dare not say.
For short was the stay and cruel the way
In which dear Rose retorted, “Nay.”
But not abashed, he turned and left
To seek another place of rest.
He tried a second, tried a third,
But each employed the first one’s word.
Then ’neath his teeth he uttered words,
Worse than one hears in drunken crowds.
A big police, who just stalked by,
This raging Freshman chanced to spy.
Said he, “You rogue, I’d have you fear
The laws and regulations here.”
Now thereupon he seized the kite,
And held him in his pocket tight.
Then to his captor in reply,
“A Freshman lone,” said he, “am I.”
“Responsibility’s the fact
Which authorizes me to act ;
“But lacking this go to your ‘dad’,”
The big police said to the lad.
Away he scampered in his glee,
For innocence had set him free.

But now sweet tones his soul inspire,
That emanate from some church choir.
He enters there, resolved to see
Those without whom he can not be.
Since, of the week, the seventh day,
Euterpe spent to teach a lay.
A number of her daughters, true,
Had gathered there to learn the new.
At his intrusion they all shrieked,
Beyond all measure being piqued.
Their flashing eyes and stern commands
Made him confess what were his ends.
In reverence and greatest awe
He hid his face from them *awa*.
Then on his knees, to them he said :
“ Prithee, do spare this wretched head.
“ God knows I came to church to-night
To seek a refuge in my plight.”
They pitied him and bade him go,
Where little boys are free from woe.
He took the hint ; he left the place,
And sought his bed with quickened pace.
But ere this lad his sleep began,
He wept, and ceased, and wept again.
Oh what a fate this Freshman had !
His trials made him raving mad.
So, ladies, please do have a care
That you may not a Freshman sear.
Please treat him nice, although you see,
That he 's as green as green can be.



Chronicles.



September 5. Freshmen make a bold appearance. Dr. Schantz delivers the lecture at the opening of the college year.

September 6. Schell installed as assistant book agent for Ritter, H.

September 7. Trexler introduces Gable into Allentown society.

September 8. Strong efforts are made to lead the new college men into church and Sunday-school in order to keep them from degenerating.

September 9. Three gloomy Freshmen become homesick and contemplate suicide.

September 10. "Pop" Glase tells Appel that he "worked like a trooper during vacation."

September 11. Keller, J. F., is overcome by the fits when taking a bath, and is nearly drowned in the tub.

September 12. Deily adopts the modern method for reciting Latin.

September 13. The rush between the two lower classes. The vanguard of the Sophs. is badly thrown into confusion.

September 14. Three letters for Esterly from his various —. Geiger calls on "Mamie."

September 15. Shalter attends church, because he is compelled.

September 16. The Sophs. congratulate Huntsinger on his new way of combing.

September 17. Rohrig's lecture entitled "The Growth of the Kingdom," published.

September 18. Organist Walborn in a great dilemma because of the disappearance of his books.

September 19. Ink walks up and down on Linden Street in the evening till midnight.

September 20. The students are told that the hymns must be sung reverently in chapel. The remark is in order.

September 21. "Pop" Gable delivers a suit-holder at 827 Broad Street, Bethlehem.

September 22. No important event takes place.

September 23. The fair begins. The students manifest an aversion to study and are urged by the Profs.

September 24. Sherer, Wuchter and Reno skip the German recitation to see the horse-race.

September 25. Fakirs become more active at the fair. Tallman lectures his inexperienced classmen and tells them that they must be cautious on the fair grounds.

September 26. Beck and Uhrich take in a sight "for men only."

September 27. A dull day at college. Nothing serious happens.

September 28. Sophs. in a body after leaves, and pay a visit to Charlie Rochel.

September 29. Miller, L. R., entertains a number of students by telling them his experiences and adventures in college.

September 30. Students resume their work. Dorney tells Raub that he is "cheesy."

October 1. Foot-ball team getting ready for a fight. Geiger, the captain, attempts to make a foot-ball center out of "Pop" Glase but utterly fails.

October 2. Fritch becomes so popular among the ladies of the city that a comment from Keboch is heard.

October 3. Lynn, on a special botanical trip, walks against a tree in Hower's woods and injures his cranium.

October 4. Life among the Preps. becomes visible.

October 5. The ability of Jaxheimer for recognizing Allentown girls is discovered. Muhlenberg, 12; Lebanon Valley, 22.

October 6. Fegely, N. P., takes an extended walk.

October 7. Zerweck's mustache becomes faintly perceptible.

October 8. The Sophs. arouse the Freshmen from their lethargy.

October 9. Beck enlightened on a mysterious point in meteorology. Freshmen matriculated.

October 10. Rosenberger gets the blues and is cheered up by Sanford.

October 11. Schell applies for the position of "barren-toe" singer on the Glee Club.

October 12. Fiery speeches shot off in chapel by the Sophs. Muhlenberg, 0; Reading, 6. Sultzbach saw "De Cops."

October 13. "Billy" Miller and Geiger argue religion.

October 14. Paul Neff's second appearance in a parson's mustache. The arrival of school-marms. Teachers' Institute.

October 15. McPetridge expressed the wish of the Seniors, namely, that he wished he was married.

October 16. Hoffman and Huntsinger shirk society to "strike dates" with school-marms.

October 17. "Doc." Reno is sent out of Dr. Wackernagel's on account of too much "tongue."

October 18. The Juniors, dejected and low in spirits, humbly and submissively march into chemistry exam.

October 19. Scholl makes a big sale of peanuts at Lawfer's.

October 20. Trexler teaches a Sunday-school class in the First Ward.

October 21. Junior German Society debate exciting.

October 22. Erney writes his celebrated poem entitled "The Gast House."

October 23. The Sophs. attempt to introduce some German into "Doc." Reno's head by means of a fire-cracker.

October 24. Yerger again takes his regular walk to the Central Station with a view to meet some of his Perkiomenville girls.

October 25. Dr. Ettinger tells the Sophs. that they must not disturb a recitation when he is not quite finished. No doubt the remark was necessary.

October 26. A great victory for the regulars. Muhlenberg, 41; Perkiomen Seminary, 0.

October 27. Sultzbach and his girl caught in a rain, and are detained at Seventh and Hamilton Streets for forty-five minutes.

October 28. Democratic Club organized. Brunner elected chairman. Purpose: to become Bryanites.

October 29. Shalter becomes professor and teacher of the "Rogues' Gallery."

October 30. Kline calls Trexler a "Berks County animal."

November 1. Downfall of Rhodes in Dr. Wackernagel's.

November 2. Esterly makes his accustomed visit to Hess Bros., Globe Store, Lawfer's, Peters —.

November 3. Keller, E.H. sleeps all day.

November 4. Webb's dog dies.

November 5. Kline sails on the sea of Brundisium.

November 6. "Pop" Glase cheats when playing solitaire.

November 7. One of the Profs. had the baby out.

November 8. Tallman finds he is "off his base."

November 9. Beck is asked whether he was a baggage master.

November 10. Rhodes as usual goes out Fourth Street.

November 11. Haines learns some new adjectives.

November 12. Griesemer spends four hours in Kramer's Music Store. Why?

November 13. Erdman becomes a stage authority.

November 14. Kleckner absent from Society.

November 15. Rain.

November 16. Leisenring learns to smoke the pipe against the wishes of his mother.

November 17. Orff c—ls on Wood's h—d g—l.

November 18. Keller, J. F., Ajax Lightning, 3 pts.

November 19. Esterly calls on a lady from Paris at South Bethlehem.

November 20. Dry bought some Mail Pouch tobacco.

November 21. Dennis becomes a cake cutter.

November 22. Missionary meeting. Reichard makes a plea to wayward students.

November 23. Fegely's lecture on H₂O published.

November 24. Bastion follows two belles on Sixth Street.

November 25. Gardner becomes bold in Dr. Wackernagel's.

November 26. Dent plays solitaire.

November 27. Speech entitled "The Ideal Girl" delivered by Sultzbach.

November 28. Sherer goes out for chestnuts. Thanksgiving Day.

November 29. Handwerk begins to hobnob with Fisher.

November 30. Rentzheimer "goes out" for the last time.

December 1. Sunday.

December 2. Miller, L. R., is warmly received at home.

December 3. Reno is obliged to disappear in Dr. Wackernagel's.

December 4. Kern delivers one of his oratorical "bluffs."

December 5. Swank makes known his ability to play basket-ball.

December 6. Chapel as usual.

December 7. Wuchter enticed between Seventh and Eighth on Hamilton Street. Norristown, 15; Muhlenberg, 36.

December 8. Burger talks about temperance.

December 9. Hoffman appears full of vim and vigor.

December 10. Kunkel makes a "hit" in Greek.

December 11. Special gymnasium drill.

December 12. Acker calls Reno a "census stuffer."

December 13. Sandford said, "Give me variety."

December 14. Smith, A. L., meets a charming girl

December 15. "Billy" Miller recovers.

December 16. "Blue Monday."

December 17. Kaufman reads his Bible.

December 18. A letter from Virginia for Neff.

December 19. Examinations staring us in the face.

December 20. Students prepare to go home.

December 21. School closes.

1902.

January 8. Students, full of spirit, return.

January 9. Contest between Geiger and Erdman for the leading position in the College play.

January 10. Handwerk begins to wear glasses.

January 11. "Schlitz Club" reunion. High old time.

January 12. "Concert Hall Specialties" by Weaver. Freshmen are declared to still have empty heads.

January 13. Leefeldt calls on Union St. Walborn becomes the possessor of a drinking vessel whose capacity is $202\frac{1}{2}$ cu. in. Skating in order.

January 14. Schlotter and three girls make themselves painfully conspicuous on the train from Bethlehem to Hellertown.

January 15. "Jax" goes skating, performs on the ice, and falls.

January 16. Kline explores the underground story of his house.

January 17. Esterly enjoys himself in the "Shade."

January 18. Roth meets a nice girl. Muhlenberg, 15; University of Pennsylvania, 29.

January 19. Sunday, church.

January 20. Sophs. decide to banquet in New York.

January 21. That decision reconsidered.

January 22. "Madmen's Club" organized. "Doc." Reno elected chairman.

January 23. Kurtz received again a *mileage* book; also four letters.

January 24. Lee Erdman receives the title "Solomon."

January 25. Miller, L. R., calls on an engaged lady, poor boy!

January 26. A Sunday-school talk given by Dry on his well-known subject "Rachel." In conclusion he remarked that she is a noble character to be studied.

January 27. Shalter revisits the missionary stations he established last Summer.

January 28. Ritter, H., eats a hearty breakfast.

January 29. Kriebel lost.

January 30. "The Cheerful Liar," a dramatic comedy.

January 31. Freshmen enjoy their sleighride banquet, which consists of milk, soup, pap, and mineral water.

February 1. Muhlenberg, 23; George School, 18.

February 2. Esterly flirts with the choir girls in church.

February 3. "Love and 'Hate'."—Beil.

February 4. Faculty "licked" by DeLong.

February 5. Dorney silent. A wonder.

February 6. Gernert dissects one of Freed's bugs.

February 7. Nothing important happens.

February 8. Keboch waits till eleven o'clock at Leh's for "Her," but she leaves by a back door.

February 9. Sunday.

February 10. Erney gives the "Borax" story. "Barty" vaccinated.

February 11. A week off for Rosenberger from German. Muhlenberg, 5; Bucknell, 16.

February 12. Orff caught in the act of thinking in Physics.

February 13. Appel quits "Yellow Kid."

February 14. Sophs. decide to banquet at Wilkes-Barre.

February 15. Muhlenberg, 13; Drexel Institute, 18.

February 16. Sunday.

February 17. Sophs. again change their minds. Little boys.

February 18. One-sixth of $31\frac{1}{2}$ gallons carried by DeLong six squares.

February 19. Bachman shirks Society and attends a show.

February 20. Horn as pessimistic as usual.

February 21. Muhlenberg, 24; Medico-Chirurgical, 11.

February 22. Washington's Birthday.

February 23. Keboch "Shocked." Cause: Freshness.

February 24. Fegely, N. P., eats two dozen cream puffs.

February 25. Trexler explores "Tenderloin" New York.

February 26. Fate of Muhlenberg decided.

February 27. Sophs. prove that they are still "fools."

February 28. The Sophs banquet in Philadelphia, where they adopt the underground railroad system to get wine. Poor Sophs.!

March 1. Great flood.

March 2. Reinert attends church.

March 3. Goldsmith, Reno, and others recover.

March 4. Pipe and temper lost by Raub.

March 5. Union Street inspected by Gable.

March 6. "Pop" Glase attempts to enter college at Dr. Seip's door.

March 7. Kuelmer manifests some signs of life. Kurtz receives orders not to distribute any more of his photos. Reason: To prevent any rivalry. All the girls get "stuck" on his picture.

March 8. Keboch receives his ring through the kindness of a messenger boy.

March 9. Keboch and Fisher become rivals.

March 10. "Owls' Social Club" meets.

March 11. Ink and Beck play ball on third floor and are stopped.

March 12. Time is up. Kistler ceases to worry.

March 13. Youse teaches Trexler the base-ball walk.

March 14. Bittner falls into a trap and is rescued with difficulty. Croman faints.

March 15. Muhlenberg, 29; Gettysburg, 7.

March 16. Weibel shaved 15, and trimmed 13 heads.

March 17. St. Patrick's day. Shimer and Geisinger attend the annual ball.

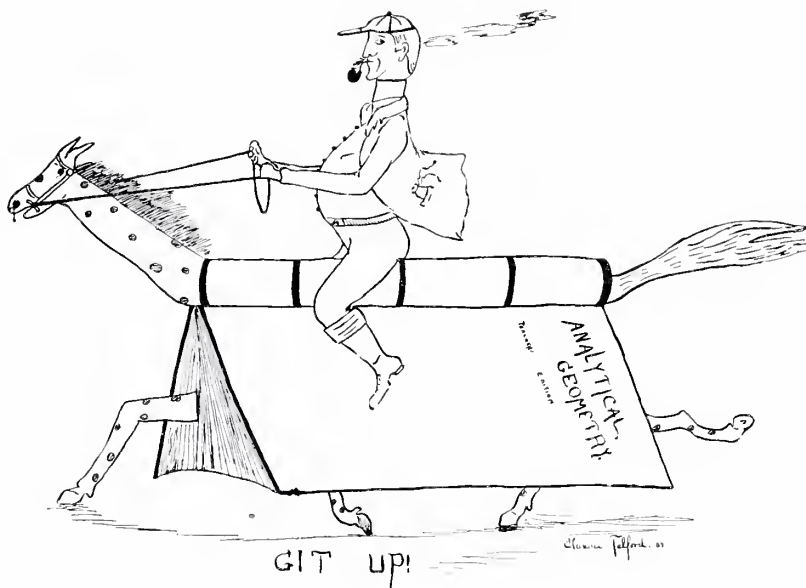
March 18. Leisenring manifests sincere devotion to his girl by wearing conspicuously her school pin.

March 19. Muhlenberg, 18; Allentown, 19

March 20. Military organization formed by Bartholomew to quell college riots.

March 21. Ponies and other animals of the college entrusted to the tender care of Leefeldt for vacation.

March 22. Students go home.



" 'Sis oles hendich eingericht
In uns'ra goota zeit,
'S brauch sich niemand bloga ma,
Unles 'r is net g'sheit."

“The Passing Throng.”



SENIORS.

- APPEL : “ A peach is good, an Apple is better,
 So I give my love to the latter.”
 So says —
- BACHMAN : Presume him to be a lover of nature,
 Presume him to be of Indian descent,
 And the gods will praise your presumption.
- BARTHOLOMEW : “ Mincing she was, as is a wanton colt,
 Sweet as a flower and upright as a bolt.”
- BECK : “ Don't I look quite pretty? ”
 Well, we think you do,
 When you with smiles dispel your frowns,
 And cover up your head.
- BRUNNER : In a desert place, like seers of old,
 He often finds retreat,
 To think how he may to the fold
 Lead wayward politicians.
- FEGLY : “ To follow foolish precedents and wink
 With both our eyes is easier than to think.”
- FREED : “ A swelled head,” someone hath said,
 “ He truly doth possess,”
 But we're inclined 'bout this to think
 That learning makes him blink.
- GABLE : A balanced head and patient mind,
 In him we pleasingly do find.
- GEIGER : For money, zealous ; in athletics, bold ;
 Are qualities about him told.
- GLASE : Another one of the “ Fat Men's Club,”
 Who lives in joy and glee ;
 “ To eat, to drink and then grow fat,”
 The motto seems to be.
- HEILIG : “ Hei ho diddle,” he plays the fiddle,
 And sings in sixteen sharps and flats.
- INK : “ Nature was here so lavish of her store,
 That she bestow'd until she had no more.”
- KISTLER : Phoebus Apollo, in a woman's voice,
 Transacts his business with the boys.

KUEHNER : Noble thoughts inspire his mind
To be the greatest of mankind.

LINDENMUTH : It is his strong and last conclusion,
That seeming wise is mere delusion.

LINDENSTRUTH : A peaceful man who ne'er was seen
In fights that long in vogue have been.

LYNN : He mourns the fact with deep regret,
That no chance came to him to wed ;
So in the " Lab." himself consoles,
Dissecting various flies and worms.

McFETRIDGE : A man of ease who fails to seize
The golden moments as they pass.

MILLER : In the " Gast Haus " he sits with a smile,
Where enjoyment and pleasure his hours beguile.

MOYER : This man who needs no mention by name
Has got for making verse some fame.

RUPP : With his touching and polished orations,
He'll reform the rake and enlighten the nations.

SCHOLL : A business man with lib'ral views,
Who common sense in life doth use.

UHRICH : In humble obedience, with signs of devotion,
He flatters the great for the sake of promotion.

WEISLEY : Quite free from selfish acts,
Since seldom he acts " Weisley."

WOODRING : Soon, soon, death's rival he will be,
Causing distress where all was peace and glee.

ZERWECK : His face does not belie his appetites,
Which mournful strains alone can satiate.

JUNIORS.

BARNDT : " Born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

BITTNER : " A votary to fond desire."

CROMAN : Rarely do we see combined
Such graces as in him we find.

ESTERLY : Scattering incense to his sweetheart,
Dreaming of her night and day ;
Sighing for her in her absence,
Thus he whiles his time away.

- GRISINGER : He dreamt one night he lost his mind,
In the spiral of Archimedes ;
 So he groped and worried
 Till his chum came hurried,
And freed his head from his trousers.
- HEILMAN : He is a lad who would not take
 A ride upon a pony,
For fear he might his honor break,
 And ride above his crony.
- JAXHEIMER : He's sought for and called for by maids four,
Nor does he reluctantly answer ;
For Cupid the archer shot deftly.
- KAUFMAN : " If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."
- KLINE : An inexperienced money lover,
Full of whims and freaks all over ;
Can we know with what great ease
He will be sailing Latin Seas?
- LEEFELODT : " What does it matter, to heaven I go,
Whether goodness I seek or the pleasures below;
I am predestined a saint to be,
And that is why I jolly appear."
- KURTZ : Of things that this short life concern
To him 'tis pleasing to converse ;
In company or where'er he is
Human nature is his theme.
- MILLER : This bulky form awaits reform
In politics and college tricks.
- NEFF : The whistling Parson of his class,
In tricks he loves his time to pass ;
The ladies think him awful nice,
Since he can make those " goo-goo " eyes.
- ORFF : A man of steady habits, who seldom gives a smile,
And has an utter disregard for things that are vile.
- ROHRIG : He writes, as it were, shorthand ;
And speaks, as it were, longhand.
- ROTH : His wide experience of human hearts,
 His kind and pleasing ways,
Prepare him well good truths to tell,
 And for a parson's place.

- SCHLOTTER : A type of Puritanic zeal,
Who rather suffers than not do right,
With stentorian voice he still doth noise
His own philosophical views.
- SHALTER : He boasts that Indian blood is in his veins,
But doing this is taking needless pains.
- SHINER : He claims to be a poet born,
Although his muse is not yet soarn ;
So we must wait a little longer,
Till his fledgling wings grow stronger.
- SMITH, A. L. : Nothing too great for his mind to grasp,
Since he made a trip to the moon.
- SMITH, C. A. : A man of books, yet he's no grind ;
And full of fun that relieves the mind.
- SPECHT : His daring boldness in athletic sports
Has won him the princely name " Bismark."
- TREXLER : This massive figure lacks control
 Of the impulsive inner self ;
In merry sport he wastes his time,
 And spends his precious pelf.
- WALBORN : A youth once full of musical charms,
With which he drowned the ladies' frowns ;
Elated, he tumbled down the stairs
And thus lost all his musical airs.
- WEAVER : Silver-throated nightingale,
Who sings his lovely lays
To please and cheer his lady fair,
Till come the nuptial days.
- WEBB : Nimble as to hands ;
 Shifting as to feet ;
Reckless as to action,
 But quiet when asleep.
- WERTMAN : This mirthful lad our respect commands,
Who views the tricks of other hands ;
 He giggles and wriggles,
 When something tickles,
Till the source of laughter ends.
- YERGER : An easy prey to Cupid's darts,
Who having dined for the kitchen starts,
On the pretense the news to read,
But the real motive—to court the maid.
- YOUSE : How lavish nature sometimes is
That adorns a head with crispy tufts.

SOPHOMORES.

- ACKER : For him do all the maidens mourn,
Since he vowed a life of celibacy.
- BURGER : Regardless of the gold there is,
His self to him a kingdom is.
- DEILY : With broadest smiles
He soon beguiles
The prettiest girl in town.
- DENNIS : An idol of the fairer sex,
With whom he grossly trifles.
- DENT : His modest ways and dreamy eyes,
Do scarce betray fanatic strifes.
- DRY : A modest man, quite fair and tall ;
Plump things he loveth best of all.
- ERDMAN : A pretty figure he does cut,
When he is on the stage ;
And proudly feigns the actor's skill,
And imitates a sage.
- ERNEY : He is indeed a wonder
In drawing girls' pictures,
In writing verse on the " Gast Haus,"
And telling funny stories.
- FISHER : His gifted mind to him doth tell
The kind of bean when he sees the shell.
- GABLE : He is up to date, the girls relate,
In fickleness and tasteful dress.
- GARDNER : A modest lad of slender frame,—
But what of that? What's in a name?
- GRIESEMER : Is it an ape? In truth 'tis not a man,
Methinks the missing link ; he apes mankind.
- GOLDSMITH : Some Goldsmiths were fond of wine,
But this one's relish is fish.
- HAINES : To dance all night and sleep all day
Doth seem his sole ambition.
- HANDWERK : In words, in deeds, in battles,
Unparalleled, he stands.
- HOFFMAN : Lightning, outdone in speed,
Does envy him indeed.

HUNTSINGER : To enhance his looks and show good tastes,
 Money, time and care he wastes.

KEBOCH : He tips his hat to all the girls
 Whom he has ever met.

KELLER : “ O classmates dear ! Let's say no grace,
 For Bacchus told me to my face
 That gods would only hold it dear
 From Freshmen, when they yet could steer.”

KLECKNER : “ A hot foot-bath the best has been
 For chills and fever outward seen.”
 So mother thought—how could she know—
 It was champagne that flushed him so.

KRIEBEL : Deliberate in actions ; skilful in athletics ;
 And is quite an authority on various statistics.

KUNKLE : Him the spur, ambition, goads,
 To bear a hundred million loads.

LEISENRING : Deep horror fills the hardest heart,
 When this tragedian plies his art.

MILLER : Lest Hymen's bliss he'd have to miss,
 Early in life, he chose a wife.

REICHARD : In Hereules he finds his prototype ;
 Yet, like the weakest, yields to Aphrodite.

RENO : A gossip “ Rose ” securely set
 Amidst the joking thorns,
 Should you aspire to hear the noise
 You'll know it by its voice.

RENTZHEIMER : “ Snpple and flexible as Indian cane
 To take the bend his appetites ordain.”

RHODES : He advocates and feign would seek the golden mean,
 But in attempts to charm, he leaps o'er the extreme.

RITTER, H. : This shining star beyond a doubt
 Has made a good beginning ;
 But now the question seems to be,
 Can he really “ hold it out ? ”

RITTER, N. : Busy and active, he's not a man of ease,
 But like a bachelor, himself finds hard to please.

SHERER : His looks and form do not betray
 A sign of human greatness ;
 When'er his pipe inspires his mind,
 He tries to make some verses.

SULTZBACH : What a freak ! 'Tis a human graphophone
That records and produces the faults of others,
And yet never sees its own.

SWANK : There is a law that seems to be
Still true in human nature ;
Qualities, unlike attract, you see,
The Shorter seeks the Longer.

WUCHTER : Be on the watch, boys, on examination day ;
There may come again to your dismay
The funny man of the Sophomore Class,
With a high silk hat his head is crowned,
And with a cane he stalks around ;
'Tis best, when he comes, to turn him out.

FRESHMEN.

BELL : When not at home, he's somewhere else,
The place you now may guess.

BASTIAN : His manners are quite dignified,
His countenance quite grave ;
His voice is like a parson's,
His heart not such that hates.

DELONG : He's seldom in a hurry,
That is, he takes it cool ;
He's a fiend at the piano
And at a game of pool.

DORNEY : A marked ability he has
In brewing silly jokes,
In boasting of the times he had,
The fun with some town folks.

FRITCH : He is a chap from down the " Lab.,"
Who thinks he's always sick.

PEGELY : A slim and slender being
That always craves for food ;
As yet he's undecided
What he in life should do.

GERNERT : He's brilliant in his books,
But shaky in his knees.

GUTH : He rises late in the morning,
He comes late to the class,
He answers late to questions,
And thus he's *always* late.

HEILMAN : Quiet, unassuming, not offensive to any man,
And tries to do his duty the very best he can.

HORN : " It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour."

KELLER : He is a lad who doth observe
Five things with greatest care :
How to eat and what to eat,
And why and when and where.

KERN : A man of tact and seeming might,
Whose burning eloquence doth 'strain
The rabble of the college halls,
From ent'ring upon bloody brawls.

KIDD : He doth not always seem to be,
Like other " kids " you often see.

LAROS : " If flunks were trumps,
What a hand he'd have ! "

MARCKS : Solemnity and seriousness
Are stamped upon his countenance.

NEUBERT : This booby boy plays basket-ball ;
He loves the girls, and that is all.

RAUB : He too belongs to jolly crowds,
And plays the tricks he can ;
But when some ill provokes his wrath,
He is a dangerous man.

REINERT : From six to eight he trains his voice ;
From eight to nine he curls his hair ;
From this we then can plainly see
How sweet and pretty he will be.

RITTER : He holds it true thus far in life,
That Mrs. Jupiter was Jupiter's wife.

ROSENBERGER : This boisterous youth delights in class
To imitate a pig or ass.

SANFORD : For us 'tis needless you to tell,
That our " brother does real well."

SCHELL : " I am a Freshman, I am ;
I am stylish, I am ;
I will be a preacher, I will ;
I come from Reading, I do ;
And have some pretty girls too.

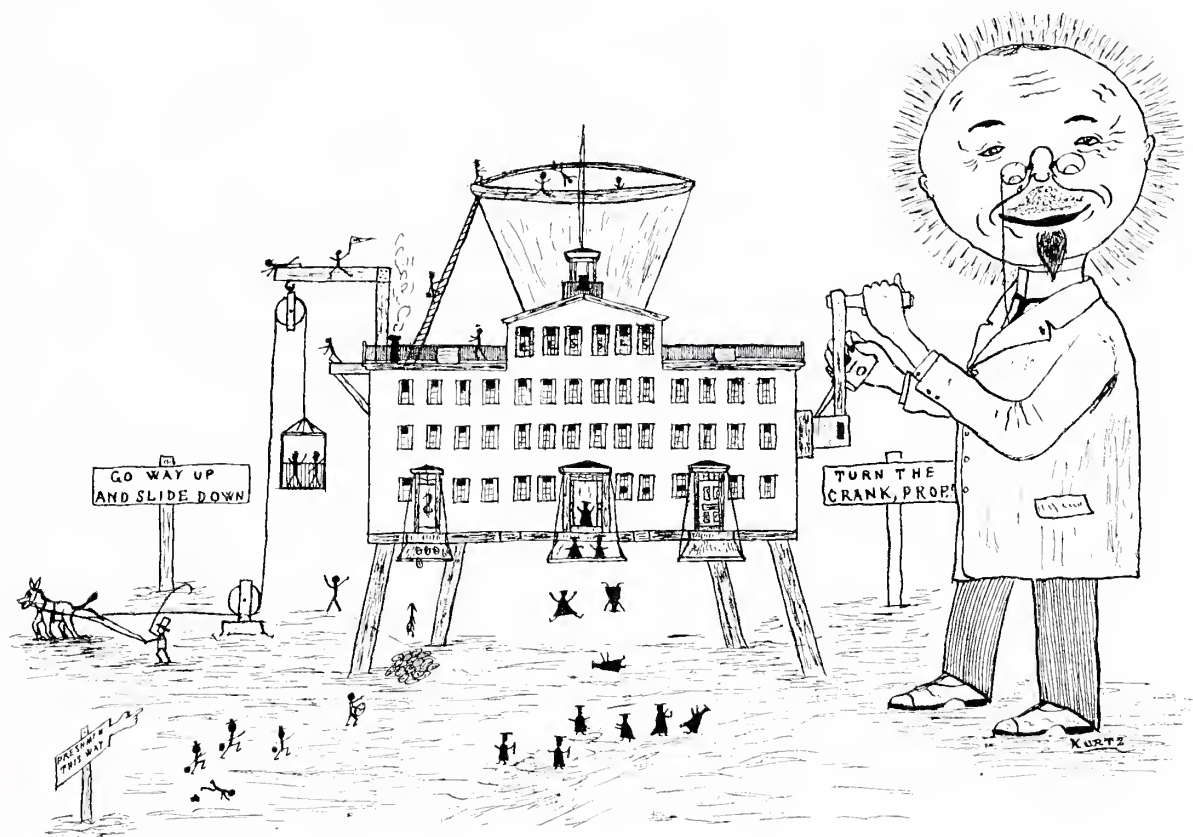
SHANKWEILER : " Company stand up," he says, when he knows ;
 " Company fall down," he says, when he flunks.

SMITH : His destiny on some far distant mission field
 The heathen to convert, to truth make him yield.

TALLMAN : The lassie who wishes this laddie to win
 Must tickle him gently under the chin.

WIEDER : He, in some nook, behind a paper, hid,
 Sits on his head's antipodes in class,
 And every now and then there do arise
 Such piercing yells as do disturb the mass.

WEIBEL : To serve his fellow students,
 To do that which is right,
 To lift his wayward classmates
 He strives with all his might.



THE MUHLENBERG MILL.

Confessions and Reflections.



“WHEN I returned to college there was quite a number of things which engaged my mind. Resolutions are all right, if they are good, and if you have the backbone to keep them ; but somehow or other I generally lose sight of them when they become several weeks old. One morning, while my chum was bumming in other rooms, keeping some industrious boys from studying and telling them what a fine time he had had the evening before, I unconsciously began to reflect upon the past. I was soon convinced that my life was not perfect, and that there was still room for improvement. It also occurred to me how I made breaks at social gatherings, and used to vex the ladies by improper remarks. Thus, one of the first resolves I made was to become more refined and popular. You might have then ridiculed the idea, but I was really in earnest, and I think a close observer will notice now a slight change in my conduct.

“My room, too, assumes a different aspect. At home I used to say, ‘What is home without a mother?’ and here in college, I might say, ‘What is a room without being beautified?’ I am not entirely devoid of an æsthetic nature. I am an admirer of the beautiful, but whether I always call that beautiful which my chum does, is a question. However, suffice it to say that I have shown ordinary good taste in ornamenting our room. The bottles that were presented to me occupy a prominent place. The pictures of my home and surrounding regions are hung symmetrically on the walls. My chum’s photo. and our girls’ photos. are arranged artistically on the mantel-piece. The puzzle suspended from the chandelier makes a striking display. The furniture in our room is not quite up to date, but it is perfectly comfortable. My laundry, in order to keep it out of sight, I generally store up in my trunk till that is full ; then I get it done up again for further use. To save myself the trouble of making my bed, which I also consider superfluous work, I keep the door of the alcove closed. Thus I conscientiously can say that our room makes a good appearance, and some others would do well if they would imitate me, or seek advice with regards to beautifying a room.

“In regard to my habits, I am somewhat at a loss as to what to say. I think that in some things I am better, and in others I might be worse. I rise regularly in the morning between six and seven ; then I take breakfast, and after my return, I study until it is time for chapel, which I seldom miss. Besides, I can’t see how a sincere student can miss chapel. It is so relieving and consoling, and especially, if you met with a sore disappointment the evening before.

“In recitation I still have to laugh when something out of the ordinary takes place, or when something funny happens. I thought I had to split my sides laugh-

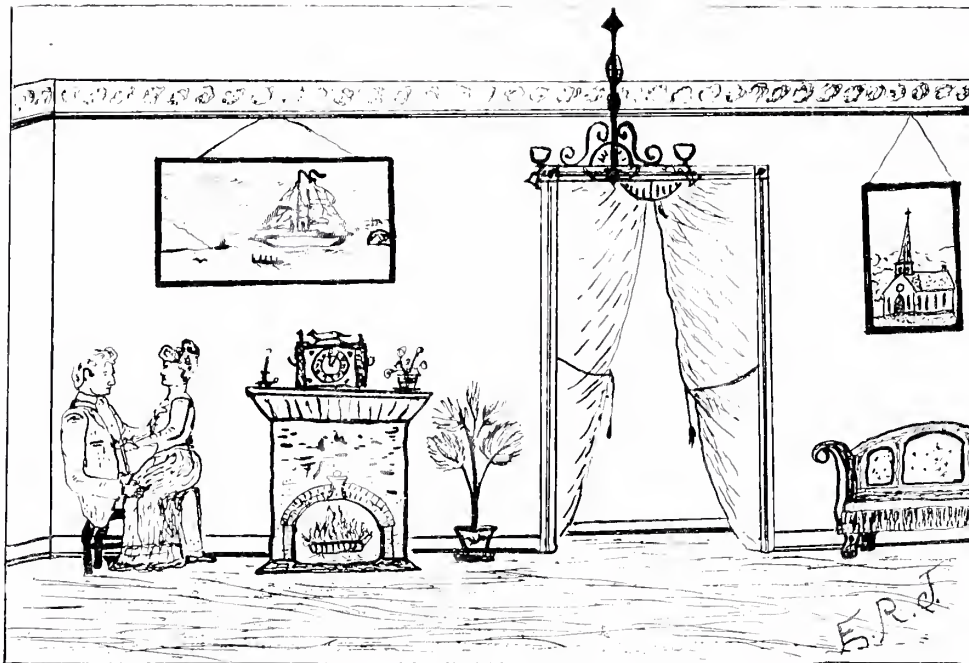
ing when that fellow rendered poetically, '*Juno solutos crinis lavit*,' 'Juno bathed her loose wool,' 'Hee! Hee! Hee!' I blurted right out in class, and thought at once of an old sheep we had at home, which I often teased by hanging my hat on the wagon-tongue when the old man wasn't at home. I might recall many more laughable incidents, but I am not in a mood now to indulge in laughter. I might add here, that I expect to reform when I come to the 'Seological' seminary.

"I occasionally go out calling, and attend sociables. I have learned lots of fine points from my chum, who is a typical society student. He is quite good-looking and very popular among the ladies. He informed me that when I was introduced to a young lady, I was to make a slight, graceful bow, smile gently, and say, 'It gives me extreme pleasure to meet you.' He further explained how improper it was to call on a rainy day, to thrum the piano without being asked to play, to handle bric-a-brac, to stalk around in the parlor, and study the pictures and other pieces of furniture as though you had come to an auction, making preparations to buy; to talk on disagreeable subjects, to move often to leave and then sit down again, to remain after dinner or after supper, to turn your back towards a lady, or to call on a lady who would rather not have you call.

"These pointers I try to observe when I go out. However, I remember just now an experience when I disregarded instructions and as a consequence my plans failed. One Saturday evening I was in the best of spirits and resolved to go out for a good time. I went up Walnut, and then up Fifth Street to Hamilton. Here I began to look for opportunities, and quite soon there came along a charming young lady. I stepped up to her without an introduction and escorted her home. To my astonishment she received me very nicely, and along we went apparently happy and gay. After a walk of some distance we came to her home, and my heart fairly began to leap for joy when she said, 'My friend, just remain here in front for a minute. I have to enter the house in the rear; then I will let you in.' I then concluded that I was exceptionally fortunate in meeting this obliging and entertaining young lady, and that students must be after all privileged characters among the ladies. But during all these fond reflections the door was not opened. Then it occurred to me that she might first set the furniture in order and fix the fire for it was a bitter cold night, and I was becoming very cold. I rapped at the door, and softly called her by name, but no response came; not even a sound was heard. I waited patiently for some time, when on a sudden I came to my senses and left. I never said a word to anybody, but pondered these things in my heart.

"When I came to Hamilton Street the church clock peeled forth the eleventh hour, and remembering that the ninth hour was just complete when I had left, I readily calculated the time occupied in this singular experience. A few days before this my chum asked me whether woman or man was the more revengeful. Since I had then declined to answer his question, I resolved to go to college and answer his question on the spot. I also imagine that his experiences are such as will give him sufficient reason to ask questions of such a nature. Now, there goes the chapel bell!"

A "WISE FOOL."



Those Who Have a Right to Hold Their Own.



BY MARRIAGE.

LINDENMUTH, '02.
MILLER, '04.
SANFORD, '05.
SMITH, '05.
BEIL, '05.

BY ENGAGEMENT.

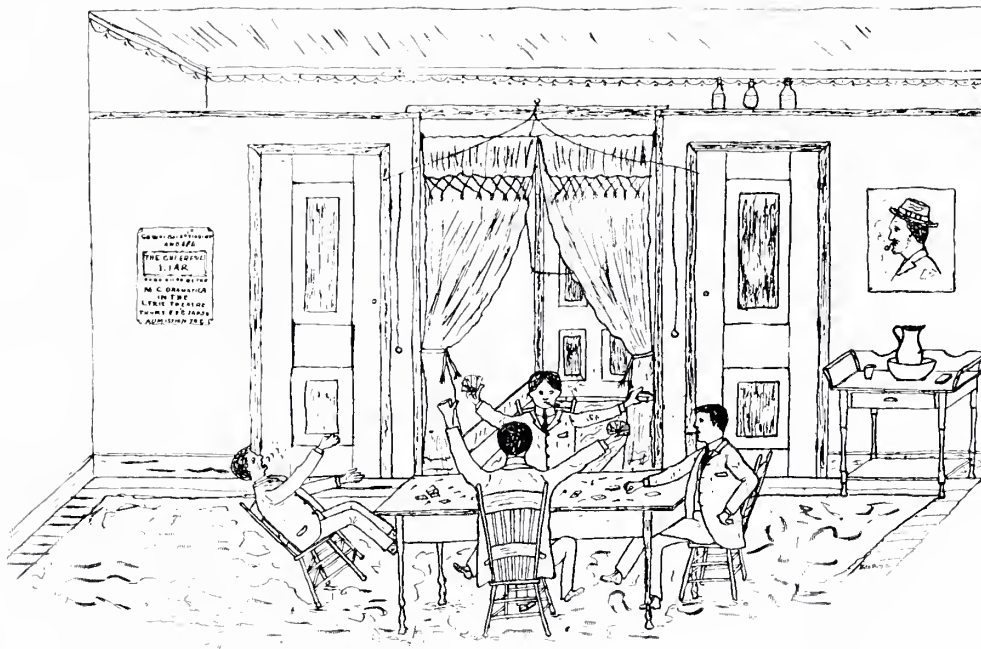
BARTHOLOMEW, '02.
WOODRING, '02.
GEISINGER, '03.
KURTZ, '03.
BARNDT, '03.
HUNTSINGER, '04.

BY MUCH LOVE.

INK, '02.
CROMAN, '03.
WEAVER, '03.
SHIMER, '03.
KEBOCH, '04.
GABLE, (?) '04.
FISHER, '04.
GUTH, '05.
RUPP, '02.
ESTERLY, '03.
MILLER, '03.
VERGER, '03.
ERDMAN, '04.
GRIESEMER, '04.
RAUB, '05.

THESE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE RIGHT.

LINDENSTRUTH, '02.	FEGELY, '02.	SMITH, '03.	YOUSE, '03.
DENT, '04.	SHERER, '04.	WEIBEL, '05.	



Junior Pinochle Association.



WERTMAN,	Past Grand High Lama.
MILLER,	Lord High Keeper of the Scrolls (Score).
SHALTER,	Obstreperous Coadjutor.
WALBORN,	Great Keeper of Wampum.
YOUSE,	Grand Sachem.
SHIMER,	Little Prophet.
KLINE,	Boisterous Bouncer.

NOVICES.

ROTH,

ORFF,

LEEFELODT.

'03 Swiping Gang.



CHIEF IMP.

NEFF.

DEPUTY DISPOSERS OF SWAG.

KLINE,

SHALTER.

SLY PASSERS OF BOOTY.

SHIMER,

WALBORN.

ASSOCIATE IMPS.

SPECHT,
JANHEIMER,
ORFF,

BARNDT,
YOUSE
SCHLOTTER,

KAUFMAN.

Jolly Jim at the Basket-Ball Game.



JOLLY JIM happened to board at the same place as some students, and had a peculiar aptitude to catch on to college slang. One of the boys succeeded in inducing him to take a ticket for the basket-ball game, and the following is his description of the game :

"I entered the Lyric Hall in good time. The first thing that struck my attention was the great cage. By Golly ! that's a big cage, I said to myself, and then I asked a student wearing such an all-rounder, whether some noted species of the *Quadrumania* type were on exhibition here. He looked at me in astonishment and said, 'This isn't a menagerie, you Ninnyhammer.' 'Well, you huffy lobster, I want to know its object ; I paid twenty-five cents to get in here.' He told me then that the game was to be played in the inside. 'Great Caesar !' I exclaimed, 'basket-ball in a cage. By Jingo ! this game must be interesting, if the players have to be fenced in.'

"I became very restless and wished the game to begin. In the meantime I engaged myself in the studying of faces and characters of students as they came in. Just then there entered two spooney and starchy fellows and upon investigation I learned that both belonged to the *Pedro Club*. Then came a Friday-faced fellow with his girl. 'Poor thing,' I exclaimed, 'she has to do all the talking.' Then entered a crowd of tip-toppers, shock heads, dandies, with a beefy would-be mouth-piece bringing up the rear. I was also informed that in college there were all kinds of students, namely, foolish, half-foolish, half-rocked, high-falutin, kiddyish, mouth-almighty, obfuscated, mealy-mouthed, kicksy sim, sappy, ram-shackle, hare-brained, harum-scarum, gassy, dicky, maggoty, rhinoceral, and above all, loonies and grinds. The hall filled up rapidly, and soon the time was up for the game to begin.

"The signal of the whistle called forth the players into the cage. They had the darntest clothes you ever saw. The umpire took the ball and tossed it up. Chee Wis ! you ought to have seen how the fellows carried on ; how Crazy banged the ball from one end to the other ; how they caressed each other with one arm ; how they fooled each other ; evaded each other ; tripped each other. By Golly ! they were foxy, and on a sudden, Ferblobtsci, one of the opposing fellows, pitched the ball clean through a bottomless basket. Then some fellows cheered, but the students were perfectly quiet. I being with the students sided with them. Then they started up again. Dutchy hit the ball first, and with all possible fury they went for that ball. 'Kill 'em !' I shouted, 'By Jingo ! there is no tomfoolery in this business !' Then another of their fellows tried to throw a goal but failed. 'You woman,' I said, 'you had better practice a while.'

"In the meantime the ball was out at the other end, and Holy Smokes ! Billy threw a goal on the sly. Then we gave nine roars for Billy. I became spificated and yelled out, 'Hurray for hurray !' scarcely knowing what I was doing. What the Hex ! till the uproar had subsided we had another goal. 'Judas Molifitz !' I said to a Wet Quaker, 'them fellows are but women to play.' The score of our fellows went up rapidly and remained ahead. The time-keepers then signalled that the first half was up. Be Japers ! we gratulated our fellows and they had the full confidence that they would win the second half.

"I then took a glance at the audience and noticed that every one was pleased and happy. Hang it ! if I didn't see that some leaned towards one side and decidedly away from the other. They were such as had ladies with them to witness the game and were completely taken in, as I judged from their smiles and action. Hang it ! if some wer'n't as soft and sticky as a half-baked molasses cake, and upon inquiry I learned they were the society men of the upper classes. 'I suppose the girls are only fooling the majority of fellows,' I said ; as I was told that good many get dished or get the shake. However, some get the rough edges knocked off, and become more refined and fitted for society.

"The time for the second half was up, and in a moment the players were ready for action. By George ! our fellows gave it to them. They threw one goal after another and we cheered like madmen. My throat became sore, but Holy Gee ! our yelling summoned a Cob in, who was trying to poke his nose in our business. 'Crickets !' I said, 'you had better looked after some other things ! You Fossil, we can take care of ourselves.' Just then one of their fellows played foul. 'Holy Smokes ! Gee Whizz ! Hold on there you Lobster,' I said. 'Let the fellows be fair if they want to play.' And Billy, Be Japers ! pitched a goal fair and square, the ball coming right down on the soft spot of a fellow's cranium. At the close the boys went in with fresh energy. They reminded me of Balziferous Baboons after a pumpkin. 'By chubs !' I said, 'they just had things their own way till to the last.'

"In the heat of excitement I left the room. I felt all-overish. On the way down the steps, a sappy town fellow wanted to bamboozle me, but I threatened the confounded glumpish nincompoop with such a batty-fanging that he didn't know himself for the following hour and twenty minutes. In regard to the game I might say that I like it tip-top and were I a student, goose hang it ! if I wouldn't play like fury, although you sometimes get your brains shattered, faces gashed, or nose smashed. By Golly ! I could stand all that.



OFF FOR SOPH. BANQUET.

THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET.



OH the Sophs. had a banquet alone,
And away. Did you know? Did you hear?
But the trip was so long, and the tale,
It is short : this small tale of their woes.
When decided it was by the facts
That of joys they should have none to air ;
What a calm recollection they share
Of the time they were gone for their feast.
When the place they were choosing, it seemed
That agree they could not 'mong themselves.
Where their talents and fame would most shine,
Was the town they would choose for their dine.
Had they followed the Juniors' path,
Which quite peacefully led to New York,
With experience lighting the way,
What a wise class of Sophomores they !
But their own little brains wished to lead,
And a failure was all we'd expect.
Even Wilkes-Barre failed to impress
Their sly minds ; to the City of Penn
These dear Sophs. made arrangements to go.
While preferring to go to this place,
Their display of such cowardly fear
Gave the Freshmen a crown of renown.
Forsooth, quite important they felt.
Yet they cooped in Pete Leisenring's home
As small boys with no courage will do,
In the attic or cellar or where
The small courage of the Sophs. could find place—
So feared lest a member be strayed.
There appeared not a reason for this :
Not a Soph. was molested at all ;
For the noble-hearted Freshmen foresaw
The great weakness, anxiety and fear,—
And thus nothing therefore interfered.
It is evident that our proud Sophs.
Are but boys in whatever they do.
They did not much impress any one ;
But were judged some wild truants from school.
The hotel, chosen ere they departed,
Was not reached without some small mishaps.
Oh, how dignified they strutted inside
And how sadly their crests must have fallen !
For e'en here people doubted and eyed,
Till convinced 'twas our Sophomore class.

Yet proprietors and other wise folks
 Must needs act as their mothers would do.
 Why then were restrictions laid down,
 And instructions of minor detail,
 As to wine, and the noise sometimes made?
 Had they taken their guardians, too,
 They would not have been obliged to commit
 A joint sin,—that of smuggling their wine
 From a neighboring bar to their rooms.
 Now the time for the banquet arrived ;
 And the Sophs. by Doc. Reno were led
 To the board which was boldly spread
 Without wine. In disorderly way
 They took seats and then looked at each other,
 While the waiters expected some one
 To say grace.—Not a Soph. volunteered
 Wasn't this a deplorable state?
 Without anything rattling their brains,
 So boisterous did they become
 That a waiter must remind them of rules.
 Now at half after midnight, what seemed
 A clear climax to their feelings, was reached ;
 When the lights were turned off and not all
 Of the toasts had been given at all.
 Some Sophs. were disheartened by this,
 And Mr. Ritter who homeward was bound,
 Took the first of all trains that sped
 From the city of Penn to Bethlehem.
 But, Alas ! even rains and the flood
 Had conspired to let none of them boast
 Of their banquet,—for Ritter had to walk
 All the way from Bethlehem home.
 This is all that can be said about the Sophs.
 We will let others judge of their deeds.
 We had often been wondering why
 They hadn't a more laughing reply.
 We see now, the poor children did learn
 The sad lesson which comes when Sophs. try
 To outdo those whom they should have asked
 For advice in a matter like this.
 We wise Juniors are grave and polite ;
 And would willingly talk to the Sophs.
 To these unfledged and innocent ones,
 And thus teach how to appear in the world.

Der Ausflug der Junioren Deutschen Gesellschaft.



A FEW HAPPENINGS.

Jax, for once, is on time.

Ten fellows harnessed themselves to a buggy and brought our Doctor to Wertman's farm, thus saving him a long, warm, dusty walk. He had a pretty frisky team too.

Trexler and Kline called on the Siegersville girls.

SHIMER : " When I was home we had two pigs, but now ——"

SHALTER (interrupting) : " That is very plausible."

Kline found a calf in the barn and led it forth, but, try as we did, we were unable to determine which was which. Eddie and Trexler then proceeded to dispose of the animal at auction. It was knocked down to the Doctor who expects to present it as a very suitable gift to next year's Junior Gesellschaft.

SPECIALTIES AT THE BASE-BALL GAME.

Youse's errors.

Shalter's kicking.

Rohrig's volcanic eruptions in the way of instructing players and umpire in the fine points of the game. Where did he learn them?

Wertman's explosive exclamations.

Fatty Miller's magnificent and spectacular base-running.

Shimer's exquisite muffs.

Frequent scrapping of everybody except the Doctor and the scorer.

Grinds.



DR. : "It is sometimes very interesting to watch people searching for ideas. Why, in examinations I have even seen students searching with their hands."

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND : "Beck, do you believe that every hair on your head is numbered?"

WALTER : "Indeed, I do. I only wish I had the back numbers."

Nitrogen and hydrogen are not the only things that can be united by sparking.

MILLER, '03, although said to travel with the moon, is yet acquitted of the charge of curling his hair because he himself says he is too lazy.

KURTZ thinks kissing is defensible on the ground that it is a Christian act. He says, "It is practising the Golden Rule."

YERGER enjoyed his Sophomore banquet in New York exceedingly. He is accused of quoting Shakespeare to the chambermaid, "Come, let me clutch thee."

ESTERLY is often commended for his good (?) manners in recitation.

"Inoculation by osculation," says Leefeldt, "accounts for my sore mouth."

GEISINGER claims to have seen an ox with bugles on his head. Queer sight John has.

Who said, "Methinks I see the Freshmen?"

YOUSE comes from New Jerusalem, but there are those who have been so rude as to doubt whether he will go there after he has passed through "this vale of tears."

ESTERLY : "A man's liberty ends where my nose begins."

DR. W. : "You ought to have a nose as long as your arm then."

LEEFEELDT : "Greater Muhlenberg will have very nice and appropriate surroundings ; the Hospital for the sick ones, Greenwood Cemetery for the dead ones, the Duck Farm for the thirsty ones and Jonson's Nursery for the fresh ones."

A Chapter of Incidents in Laboratory Life.



BARNDT hunts the hot H_2O bottle.

Crash ! Bang ! Yerger breaks a tube.

Fizz ! Kline's solution boils over.

SHALTER makes an opal.

WEAVER : " Who steals my tubes?"

ROTH : " I am after the last man for that H_2S ."

ORFF makes more dangerous experiments for his size than any one we know.

ROHRIG always uses a low, rumbling tone of voice in the lab. to suit the solemnity of the occasion.

NEFF tries to create life, and Weaver finds pseudopods in his solutions.

JAXHEIMER : " Who has run off with that borax again?"

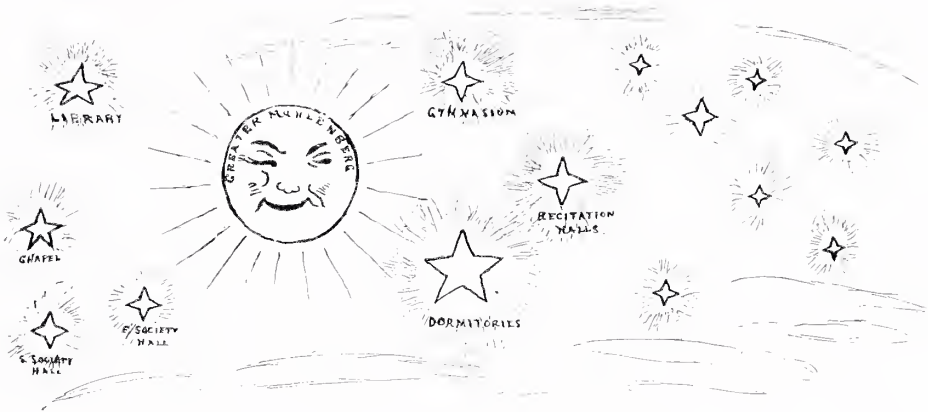
WEBB : " Do you see any precipitate in that?"

NEFF : " Sure."

WEBB : " Man you 're seeing things. That is plain water."

One often hears anxious Juniors asking each other, " What bottle did he get yours out of?"

The H_2S machine delights all with its sweet, fragrant odors.



A Model Love-Letter.



The following, which was discovered while delving among relics of past ages, we recommend to the Freshmen as a model love-letter, admonishing them, however, to be cautious in its use, for our modern fair damsels may not relish some of its rather rustic comparisons.

DEAR ANNIE: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher, sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow-linen trousers; as a gosling swim-meth in a mud-puddle so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstasie rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler; my eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot lemonade. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my suspenders to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for Sunday-school. Day and night you are in my thoughts; when Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron-colored clouds; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple trees by the spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth forth for his refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing herd comes home at milking time, I think of thee, and, like a piece of gum-elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of my sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unutterable awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to contemplate; in their liquid depths I behold legions of little cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When your head lies pressed against my manly breast, the fire of your eyes penetrates my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot goes through an old rotten apple. Your nose is as perfect as if carved from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like bluebirds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like harp-strings, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in a bed of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. When I am away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the Junebugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and I feel the cold lizards of despair erawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced with doubt, like an old cheese bored with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more selfish than a kitten's first catervaul. As a songbird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse after a piece of bacon in a trap, or a weaned pup longs for new milk, so I long for thee. You

are fairer than a speckled pullet, than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses ; brighter than the topknot plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, poundcake, and sweetened toddy all together. And if these few lines will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and assist me in winning your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you can not reciprocate my soul-mastering passion I will pine away like a poisoned caterpillar, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life as an untimely branch, and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and shed a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of

Yours truly,

YOU KNOW.

A SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY.



RELENTLESS time, in rapid flight,
Bringing for aye unceasing change,
With burning tears does dim my sight,
And fills my soul with feelings strange.

The boys, the town, and all so dear,
Wherein my consolation lies ;
Can I leave these without a tear,
And smiling break the closest ties ?

Through Latium and ancient Greece,
My faithful steeds me safely bore ;
But now they'll bring another ease,
And I will see them nevermore.

Here often I, with many a mate,
Met, Bacchus' feast to celebrate,
And thrilling stories to relate,
But now no more will congregate.

These old gray walls and classic halls,
Which have re-echoed doubly sweet,
My own sweet voice and loving calls
Will no more make my joy complete.

Alas ! how can I leave this town !
The memories of four full years
Bind me indissolubly down,
For future joys fill me with fears.

Boo-hoo !—How can I ever break
That dear attachment I have made !
For me it will my senses take,
From Rosalind to separate.

Oh, how my soul for her will long ;
Oh, how my heart-strings break in twain ;
When I can't hear her charming song,
And for her form will look in vain !

If misery thus will keep me noosed,
And of escape I'll find no token,
Then may " the silver cord be loosed !"
And " the golden bowl be broken !"

Post Mortem.



NOTE.—The following brief, and incomplete, biographies of the members of our Class, are inserted here at the importunity of our "Funny Man." He labored under the impression that some particularly interesting characteristics of the subjects here represented were, intentionally or otherwise, omitted in the proper department in another portion of this volume. Thus, in order to quiet this troublesome personage, who affirms that he has not been accorded his just deserts, we grant the desired request.—*Editor-in-Chief.*

HARRY E. BARNDT is a wild, whimsical sort of a fellow. At times inclined to be scrappy, and knows how to make the chairs dance around him in German recitation. He has the knack of answering questions in silence. He claims "he is bright but does not study."

OLIVER R. BITTNER thinks he's funny, but he isn't. He has a habit (which, quite likely, he inherited from remote ancestors) of sliding to your side and pouring into your ear some silly and totally incongruous tale, and then walking away with a smile at his own foolishness. He delights to engage in underhand tricks and practices. Goes to church and Sunday-school to keep up appearances. Looks "shy" at girls.

FRANK CROMAN is the man who compels us to write this nonsense for his own amusement. He is a Sunday-school teacher when in college, an authority on any subject relative to sociology, and acts as Dr. Wackernagel's commentator. He is a jovial, pleasant, good-natured, popular fellow whom every one likes.

FRANKLIN T. ESTERLY is a fellow who likes anything they have in Peters & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon. To exercise his body, and free his mind from the cares and worriments that Physics and Calculus produce, he regularly takes an evening walk into "Beulah Land." He has a reputation as an impromptu speaker and reciter.

JOHN B. GEISSINGER comes from the same place from which our Editor-in-Chief comes. The difference between the two is, the former is a rustic, the latter a suburban. Has the habit of calling everybody a "Lobster" or "Slob." Goes calling with Shimer and has other bad habits.

JACOB D. HEILMAN is one of the CIARLA Board's hardest workers. Tries to keep himself from degenerating and still goes out with Leefeldt. Makes the business people believe that it pays to advertise in our CIARLA. He is the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and holds various other responsible positions.

ERWIN JAXHEIMER comes from that Bethlehem in Pennsylvania and not from the one in Palestine. As far as we know he is not related to any of the Jews. Is inclined to have many girls, and sometimes shirks recitations to attend horse-races. The habit of coming late when he does not know a lesson has become chronic. In the main he is an ordinarily fine fellow.

EDWIN E. KLINE is a lad who does all sorts of trivial things to amuse himself. Inclines towards law, and declines perceptibly from Greek. Received \$10.00 from Crilly to secure the college votes for his election as Mayor. He was also connected with other suspicious schemes, which he asked us not to mention.

ROGER C. KAUFMAN is a harmless creature. Likes candy, parties, women and Calculus. Finds special delight in taking one particular girl to the basket-ball games. The elevating influence he exercises on the "Parson" is quite noticeable.

MELVIN A. KURTZ is a fellow who fits almost anywhere, whether in college or at home. His business calls him home every two weeks. The place from which he comes is noted for its long days and short nights. That is why he is so sleepy when he returns to college. He is a fair and square man, but utterly detests wire-pullers.

EDWARD G. LEEFELDT comes from the State where the Knickerbockers lived. Whether he descended from that tribe is not known. At first sight he appears to be a silent and solemn sort of a fellow, but becomes jolly when you begin to talk girls to him. In the main he is a good fellow.

R. LORENTZ MILLER is a wonder in a certain sense. Has distinguished himself in debating on national subjects, and in writing humorous dissertations. Does not care a d—rn whether he gets one flunk or a hundred. It is difficult to say whether he is a member of the "Rogues' Gallery" or not, but we do know that he is chairman of the Fat Men's Organization.

PAUL J. NEFF appears to a stranger as though he was really a "Parson," but that is a deception. If it were not for his dignified appearance and those qualities becoming a gentleman, he would at times be called to order in Dr. Wackernagel's recitations. He often vexes Roger, whom he has somewhat spoiled. He is also notorious for the common sense which he exercises.

H. E. ORFF is generally known as "Governor." To him silence is golden. Goes frequently with Brunner for a walk, whom he greatly admires as a political leader. To preserve his health, he rises late, and shirks recitations. He abhors Physics and has no affinity for Calculus.

AUGUST W. ROHRIG is named after Augustus Caesar, but has not yet attained to an equal eminence. He sells books during the Summer and makes speeches during the Winter. Does not care to attend balls, fancy dances, but delights in making calls on individuals.

WILLIAM H. B. ROTH is a man of small stature, but it is quality rather than quantity that counts in this world. He likes to make 100 in English and shake hands backwards with the Governor. Has many admirers in the city.

ROBERT SCHLOTTER comes from Hellertown, where all the people are angels, as he himself claims. However, every one who knows this man is convinced that he does not yet belong to that crowd-elect. Is Dr. Wackernagel's right-hand man, and assists in keeping the corner lively. He and Teddy have telephone connection on the rear part of the platform.

IRVIN M. SHALTER is only a little man. The reason for this is, because too much energy is needed to keep his tongue agoing. "Don't mind me," he says, and we won't either. He is the chief tool of the "Rogue's Gallery" to execute their foolish tricks. When hungry, he loses all control of himself. Is an excellent quarterback, and jolly fellow. Generally passes as "Irish."

HARRY W. SHIMER is a lad who took easily to the gaities and frivolities of the city. He dances, smokes the pipe and does many other bad things. Goes calling with Geisinger. Both are in the habit of pocketing sandwiches when an opportunity presents itself. No etiquette in that. Of late Harry is becoming quite graceful in delivering speeches. Why?

CHARLES A. SMITH is a good man; that is, good in a sense that the police need not concern themselves about his conduct when he is out. He has a sacred regard for truth, justice and piety, but an utter disregard for "Fresh Preps." who seem to be an abomination to his sight. His favourite song is, "Only One Girl For Me." He has become of late a noted pet among the ladies.

ARTHUR L. SMITH is not an athlete but has distinguished himself by means of his literary productions. Knows how to play chess, and especially checkers, with which he is said to have worked out his Analytics. Since we do not know anything bad about him, we are obliged to say that he is a good man.

GEORGE W. SPECHT is a noted character of the third floor. Would sooner flunk in Calculus than miss a good time. Has a habit of praising anything whether it is good or bad. Is perfectly harmless when alone.

CHARLES D. TREXLER. Nobody would conclude by simply looking at this man that he was the son of a preacher. However, we must make allowance for Charlie because he is yet young. Did two good things since he is in college, taught a Sunday-school class one Sunday and delivered a speech last Christmas. Shuffles his big feet over the floor when we are kept in over time. Goes out calling with Schell, a Freshman, and does many other things, too numerous to mention.

IRA G. WALBORN has gained a reputation as a librarian. In Dr. Wackernagel's sits aside of "Fatty" Miller, whom he punches in the ribs when he wants some fun. Is a member of that nefarious gang to which Shalter belongs. His father gave up the project of making a preacher out of him. He is doomed to become a mechanical engineer.

JOSEPH M. WEAVER, also known as fighting Joe, is known to have been in a hurry but once, when the "Cob" was after him. Has his lessons down "pat." Studies to make a good mark in German. Possessor of an uncontrollable tongue. Is funny and cracks jokes. Natural Theology is his hobby.

CHARLES W. WEBB, better known as "Ikey," is a prominent member of our class. Has secured a patent right to sit on a chair. Likes to get into scraps in which no one gets hurt. Knows all about fancy boxing and fancy dancing. Is becoming of late bold and reckless in speech and action.

MERVIN J. WERTMAN was a good Sunday-school boy when he came to college, but, his close proximity to the "Rogues' Gallery" has dragged him down considerably. Wanted to take part in the parade on St. Patrick's Day but got left. Has a style of laughing that is distinctly his own.

ORLANDO S. YERGER is a very conscientious man, but not when it concerns girls. Has a girl here and one at home. Thinks long hair are becoming. Makes honorable flunks in Greek. Is a bad man to scrap with. Walborn learned this when he was sent sprawling under Dr. Wackernagel's desk. Has proved himself a worthy member of our Class.

ALVIN E. YOUSE. "Wait till my game comes, then you will see balloon ascensions," he says. We surmise he means base-ball. Spends much time in curling his hair. Does everything at a 2.40 rate. Has a fatal faculty of making breaks at parties. For instance, he once ate his girls' cake by mistake. Is neither offensive to the students nor to the profs.





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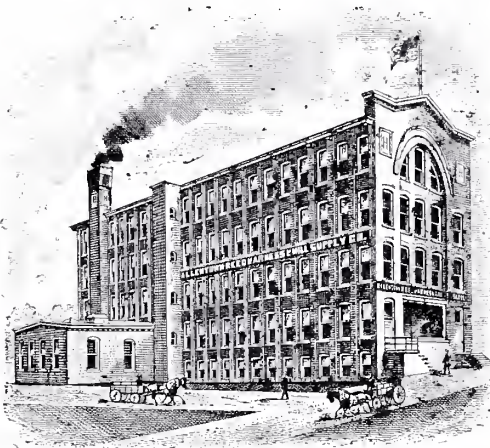
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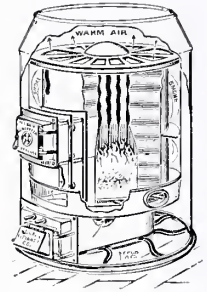
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